The War Cry
The All Round the World Salvation Army
The Army Chariot Rolls
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Out at Elbows:

—or—

HIS LAST CENT.

Brought to book at last, and by the last cent, too. The subject of this sketch didn't have a care or a thought of his folly—or, if he had, another application to the pewter dispelled either—till he found the money in his pocket becoming smaller by degrees and terribly less; and even then he urged on his nutamesable thirst for gambling and the drink, till the last cent having been reached, he was compelled to leave his card-playing companions and—think.

There he is, at last, lost in thought. Good position had been his, and prosperity had smiled upon him till he took an excursion into the far-off prodigal country, intending, of course, to come back speedily and by no means to take up his abode there for any length of time. He had heard too much of the dangers of such a step to stay there long. He would just take an occasional trip. He couldn't be a namby-pambyite, neither would he be a *rowdy*. With his great power of controlling himself he could a would do the thing in moderation.

Hear how he succeeded. He had been a teetotaler, but didn't like to appear a "muff," so took just a glass of port as a sort of compromise with his friends, who regularly took a drop of something. He didn't care for the stuff at all, and one glass lasted him a long while.

Billiards was the next prodigal amusement he indulged in, and it was to him an undoubted fascination.

The game on the green cloth had about it a certain charm for him. He was keen of eye, nice in his mathematical calculations, quick of perception, and soon became a most efficient cueist. The excitement of the game and the fumes of tobacco smoke created thirst, and the long-standing glass of wine was refilled much oftener than it had been.

The palate becoming vitiated, he had recourse to other drinks, till to his many prodigal abilities he added that of being able to drink anything. Card-playing followed, and then it was a nightly thing for his pretty country home to miss him till 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 o'clock in the morning.

Fool he knew he was, but the subtle charms of worldly pleasure had got him, and he, without a show of resistance, plunged deeper and deeper.

To satisfy his depraved taste he must needs take a run up to London. He had a good store of money, so was not lacking friends to introduce him to further vices and excesses. All the devilish phases of fast life were indulged in, nor would the pace have slackened at all but for the looming shortness of funds.

Money doesn't last for ever, and so our country friend found. The last of his ready cash had been expended, but he had still a number of things of considerable value, which, one by one, found their way to the pawnshop.

He is fast becoming hard up, but can't return home, as everything pawnable having been disposed of, he takes himself to a second-hand clothes' dealer, where, for a consideration—a few shillings only—he doffs the good suit he is wearing, and dons a miserable make up, which, with the consideration mentioned, made up, in the dealer's estimation, the value of the suit just doffed.

He is still further from home now, and, being too proud to write for funds, he seeks employment. His appearance is against his getting a situation in the capacity to which he is suited, so he has to look for anything to keep him from starving.

A common lodging-house is his quarters, and his spare hours—for he has at last got a laborer's job—are spent in the saloon.

His has been a peculiar "come down"; but even now he manages to brave matters out, and, seemingly undaunted, keeps up the old revelry on four-ale and lighter swill. A cigar half-smoked would have been thrown to a little gutter urchin not many years ago; but things are changed, and he takes care not to pass an old end. Into his pocket it goes, and, after being dried, it is puffed through his dirty pipe.

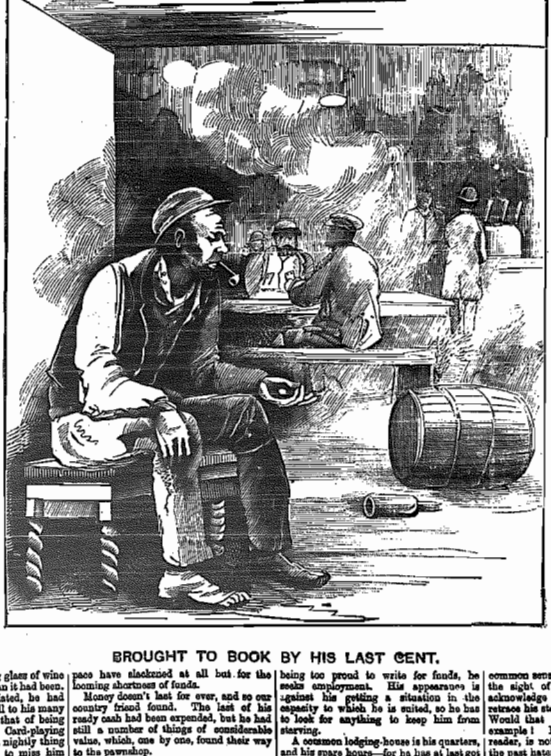
His wages are small, and insufficient to pay a washing bill, if even he had been fortunate enough to have had many things to wash, so he had to strip his one shirt, and in the dose-house turn washer-man.

We need not describe the many indignities that pertained to his altered circumstances. Suffice it to say that, after being hard up again and again, without feeling anything but bitterness towards a world that seemed to have treated him so badly, he is at last polled up, and the sight of that cent seems to bring back to his memory the days of the past—the days when he was doing well—the days before he became a prodigal.

It speaks to him of loving friends who mourn his disappearance; it utters plainly that in moderation there is no safety. He had been well-to-do, and was a moderate man, but—and the old story came back to him and the remembrance of how he had fallen faced him. Poor fellow! Broken down, he leaves the scene of revelry, and steals with a hardened heart, into a little meeting being held by some hallelujah folks. He had never been before—in fact he had never any religious inclinations till now he wanted someone to whom he could turn; and these simple people and their God seemed to be his only chance.

Kneeling at the penitent-form at the close of the meeting, our wanderer makes his peace with God and ere many days he makes his way homeward, and receives a welcome no less warm than did the Prodigal of old.

That's his story, and he is a soldier in the Army to-day. Bad as he had been, he had sufficient common sense, when brought to book by the sight of his last copper, to not only acknowledge his lost condition, but to retrace his steps without an hour's delay. Would that everybody would follow his example! If you are a prodigal, dear reader, is not the present unsatisfaction, the past hateful, and the future dark and gloomy?—*From the English "War Cry."*



BROUGHT TO BOOK BY HIS LAST CENT.

The GREAT CAMP — of — Wells' Hill.

Marvellous Experiences, Wonderful Confessions, Thrilling Scenes.

Divine Miracles—Everybody Read This.

ON Saturday evening Mrs. Glover led the Salvation Temperance meeting. "Sinful and black though the past may have been," and, "Oh, precious is the flow." rang out, suggesting the past bondage and the mighty present Deliverer. Col. Bailey then read of the casting out of the unclean spirit. "The time of the casting out of the devils was not over in this nineteenth century." the Colonel told us. Here on this very camp ground some big devils had been cast out of people. On his late tour he had himself seen some wonderful trophies of the Cross in the North-West. One man of talent and education, who had been brought to the lowest depths by the devil of drink, who had made the strongest resolutions to give it up only to fail again and again, who had wandered miserably from country to country in utter despair, had been truly converted at a Salvation Army meeting. He was now entirely changed and in his right mind through the power of Jesus. In rags he had knelt weeping bitterly at the penitent form and a dog had licked up his tears as they fell. To-day he is in a good position, and everybody was obliged to confess that he is simply a new man.

After telling of one or two other deliverances Colonel concluded his remarks by saying, "Although there are hard, godless, indifferent crowds, still God is helping the Salvation Army to lay hold of one here and one there all around the Western Division. This is a Salvation Temperance meeting. Temperance without salvation is never a success for any man. The Salvation Army might be called almost the greatest temperance organization in the world, and perhaps it is also the most successful."

Many definite testimonies then followed from converted intemperates of all classes. One dear lad told us, "I'm real glad I belong to the Army. God has saved me from all kinds of intemperance. Yes, He saves me through and through and keeps me every moment by His power."

Then an elderly brother testified: "The whiskey devil has been cleaned out. My one object now is to bring drunkards to the feet of Jesus."

Another said: "I used to drink all kinds of liquor, but when the Blood was applied to my heart all this was taken away. Now I can rejoice in a risen Saviour, one who can save anybody."

Bro. Palmer then mounted his seat and held forth on the subject of the evening. "Mind that lamp," shouted the Major, as an accompaniment whenever our dear brother's gestures grew so animated that they threatened to overturn the hanging lamps just over his head.

Capt. Howell said: "I am very glad I ever came to Jesus. God has been blessing me very much in this meeting; I always thank God I am saved on a Saturday night because it was then that I used to go in for a high old time. Although not a drunkard I was on the road to be an out-and-out drunkard when Jesus saved me. Now old desires and cravings are gone. He has given me new desires, saves and keeps me all the time."

Mrs. Bailey thanked God for saving her from all intemperance in action. He had taken away a hasty temper.

As a brother started to sing, "Get ready for the train," a shrill whistle blew in the valley below from a passing engine, puffing through the still night air, and a sensation of awe crept over the audience. There was something strangely powerful in the object lesson which stole from the outside world into our meeting.

Another saved drunkard told how he had forced his "Missis" to drink with him, how one night he had chased her around the house armed with a "chopper" with the intent to kill her. Now, all was changed. First he was saved himself; then, one Sunday afternoon after he had sung "The Gospel ship," the Captain asked, "Who will be the first volunteer for Jesus?" "I will," said his wife promptly, and it was the grandest step she ever took in her life.

Staff-Capt. McHardy then gave a rapid sketch of his past experience: "I have been thanking God while listening to my brothers' testimonies that I never had an experience like theirs. I was a square-headed, light-hearted lad before I was saved. Together with about thirty other young fellows I almost lived at our club. We liked sport, we liked to enjoy ourselves and I don't know where I should have ended. At the age of eighteen I was converted. Up to eighteen my life was a blank, from eighteen to the end it shall be no failure. I do not care what other people may do, my life is going to be spent for God. Not only have I myself settled it, but God has settled it. It is to be spent in the place where I can best work for God. My life is not my life, it is His life: He can do with it what He wills. My father wanted me to be an editor, he had a great desire that I should shine. The Lord says: "And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever." I wrote this to my father, and told him, "You have got your desire, father, and it's all the 'shine' I shall ever do." If the Salvation Army goes down I still belong to God, but the more I know about the Army the more confidence I have in the Army. "What will you do when you get old?" my brother asked me once. I told him that David said (I always carry a text book in my soul), "That he had never seen the righteous forsaken nor his seed begging their bread." The God whom I serve is not going to treat me like that. I shall feel there is something wrong with me when God ceases to care for me. After I got saved I used to try to master the printing. Johnnie Goulds over there used to come and laugh at me and call out "Salvation Army." Then we three cadets farewelled from Guelph, Blanche, Mary Lang, and I, and Johnnie Goulds promised me just at the last, with tears in his eyes, to get saved, and he did get saved that very night. I had a terrible temper before I was saved. No officer ever came to me more than once in a meeting. When very ill the devil told me I had missed my calling. Then the verse came, "This sickness is not unto death." It is glorious, this unselfish life. We learn as we go on the blessing of living for other people.

"Beautiful is the life I live,
Wonderful blessings God does give,
Wonderful peace from Him I have;
Fully and freely He does save."

Major Glover said he well remembered Staff-Capt. McHardy's conversion. He had spoken to him once but had received such a reply that "I thought I had better let God deal with him." He himself had been saved from becoming a habitual drunkard. God had saved him and kept him saved and His power has not grown any less. After an earnest appeal from the Major we went into the prayer meeting.

Sunday Morning.

Long before the bugle sounded on Sunday morning we were up and longing for the fight. Such an honor, such a joy to be a soldier in the blessed service of our Jesus. The world's ambition seems but a paltry bit of tinsel compared to the white flame of aspiration lighted by God in hearts which He has purified to make His own chosen royal abode. Fighting on God's side, certain of victory for the highest of all causes—to bring into other hearts the same kingdom of righteousness He set up in our own once, the rebel will surrender itself unconditionally to His safe-keeping.

After an earnest buckling on of our armor at knee-drill, led by the Chief Secretary, came breakfast at the camp.

After breakfast the delight of watching the band boys marching over the ground before the 11 o'clock holiness meeting. The Commissioner was with us all day and many hearts overflowed with joy and thanksgiving to see our beloved Canadian leader in command.

The holiness meeting was one of great power and blessing. It opened with the song, "One with my Lord," expressing the startling point and the goal of a sanctified soul's desire—perfect and absolute union with the Lord of life. Commissioner then prayed the Lord Jesus to lead the meeting.

Capt. Fisher read the lesson, St. John XI, adding a few powerful comments: "All enter into the holiest by Christ's way. The veil is rent. It is impossible to have fellowship with God unless we come in Christ's way. We can easily stand in the way of our spiritual blessing if we look to ourselves instead of to God. Only through the rent veil, only through Jesus Christ have we an entrance to the Holiest. We are all totally unworthy of the very least of God's mercies."

"Oh, I'm such a sinner!" said a lady once expecting a compliment in return. "Well, Madam," was the unexpected reply from one of God's servants, "you're a great deal bigger sinner than you think you are." Referring to the third verse of the lesson he had read, "He whom thou lovest is sick." Capt. Fisher said, "The same might be said of every unsaved, every unsanctified soul now. The only way to become spiritual is to have the Divine nature imparted."

The testimony meeting went at a swinging pace in the old circus tent. A brother said he had been in the Methodist Army for forty-nine years, and had seen some hard battles, but had never felt nearer heaven than when he reached the top of the Hill. He did not get easily excited, nothing but the love of God could excite him.

Jimmy fairly boiled over with "glorys" and shouts of exultation. Taking as his text "Loose him and let him go," he enjoyed his subject to his heart's content. "Loose him and let him go, and here he is this morning. I well remember when the devil had me bound until God Almighty set me at liberty. Never was so happy in all my life—glory, glory, glory!"

Holy Ann was sure she was loose. The joy of the Lord was her strength. The Holy Ghost ran all through her when she began to speak. God's word in her heart was all she stood in need of. "Why should the children of the Lord hold down their heads like an old bulrush? They would not if they lived up to their privileges. It was not excitement, or if it was it was a good excitement."

Then came Dr. Zimmerman: "I can rejoice in His fulness; it means more for me to live sanctified to-day than ever it did before. Christ is made unto me sanctification and power. Christ, the Sanctifier, dwells in me. I am determined that the life of Jesus Christ shall be magnified in me."

Capt. Taylor, of the Yorkville Training Home, said: "I feel like saying, 'Oh, magnify the Lord with me for He hath done great things for my soul.' I feel a confidence in God now such as I never had before."

Another testified: "I have seen the last of myself. Christ is all in all to me. He is all my prospects, all my ambition, all my future."

Commissioner then put the question: "How many want salvation here this morning?" One after another wended their way to the penitent form, sinners of all grades, of all classes; drunkards, fallen girls, backsliders, Christians, came out to consecrate themselves fully to the Master's service.

One man told us how he had disobeyed God for four years last June and had never again until this morning felt the joys of salvation. He was going all the way this time. He had been brought up a Roman Catholic.

Another said he was only the third of his name who had ever been converted. They were all a pretty hard crowd—were his people.

Sunday afternoon's meeting was a continuation of the morning's in spirit and in prayer. It opened with a prayer by Mr. Duncan. "On the cross of Calvary" was followed by more prayer. A song from the War Cry was then given out by Staff-Capt. McHardy; lustily rang out the chorus, "I'll fight the battle through."

Mr. Salmon read the lesson from Exodus V., "And Pharaoh said, Who is the Lord that I should obey His voice to let Israel go?" He did not know the Lord, that was very evident. When He gives the command and we obey the devil has to let us go. Afterwards Pharoah consented to let them sacrifice in the land of Egypt; but they did not want to sacrifice in the land. Then he told them the men might go, but they refused to leave the women and children in Egypt.

We, too, did not want to leave the women and children in the house of bondage, we want them with us in the service of the Lord.

Then Pharoah wanted them to go without their property. The devil would often like to get our property. A man who was going to be baptized was told to take his purse out of his pocket. He refused, saying that he wanted his purse baptized too.

God has invited us to a good feast, has given us a hearty invitation, joyous companions to go along the way with us, also something good to eat. The Lord has always a good dining-table and His feast is everlasting love.

"All hail the power of Jesus' name," pealed forth, accompanied by an enthusiastic wave-offering and a show of hands for Jesus. It was a sight not to be forgotten in our camp meetings—that spontaneous flash of hands, proclaiming the numbers who had enlisted in His highest, holiest service. Hallelujah!

It is impossible to give anything like a just account of the equally spontaneous testimonies which followed. One after another, Methodist, Presbyterian, and members of other denominations, of course, including a goodly number of blood and fire Salvationists, leaped to their feet to tell out some of the great things the Lord had done for their souls.

"If anybody should thank the Lord for the Salvation Army, it's me," said a dear man, going on to describe his bygone Sundays, when a game of cards in the country was his highest pleasure on earth. Although he knew there was a God he never knew how to get at salvation until the Army taught him in its own simple way. He used to get so drunk that he could never look at anybody without thinking they had a dozen heads on. "Now or never," he said to himself at last at one of our meetings, and praise God, it was now with him. When he went home his old gray-headed dad said in quaint surprise, "Now he's crazy," but he could not help seeing the change in his son's life. Next morning the former idler and n'er-do-well went out to find work, found it in a sewer, and from that day to this has never been out of work. If this be not a practical work-a-day salvation, where can one find it?

Evidently his boss believed in him, for Commissioner told us he had sent a hundred dollars to the Army to roll the old chariot along the track for other souls.

Another said: "Yes, you may thank religion for the hat, the bonnet, for the clean shirt you wear."

Another remarked: "I am going to stick to salvation so long as it keeps me saved, happy, and free."

An old soldier testified: "People used to say, 'There goes drunken Jimmy the well digger;' but I went into the barracks, heard the testimonies, walked out before four or five hundred soldiers, and God took away all desire of drink, cards, and 'bacca away from me. I lived for forty-two years a drunkard, but as soon as I turned to God with full purpose of heart I got saved, and have kept saved right square up to date."

Bro. Palmer told us how profitable for butchers this salvation was. "How's that, Palmer?" a butcher had lately asked him with no little curiosity. The reply was, "Why, they (his customers) used to spend money in the whiskey shop." "You've got me, Palmer," was the hearty rejoinder.

Holy Ann informed us that she "was

just as dead to the world as if she was shut up in her coffin."

Jimmy thanked God he was saved from *sectarianism*. "It didn't take Him five minutes to college me; the moment I was willing to come to God's terms I was colleged then."

A brother from New York testified to having been led out of lukewarmness at a Beekman Street holiness meeting.

Bro. Duncan felt converted all over; better still souls were getting converted all day.

Mr. Gooderham had been to hear Sam Jones and quoted his pithy tribute to the Army: "God bless the Salvation Army! They're wide awake, stirring people."

Commissioner then gave out the invitation and several souls found peace at the feet of Jesus, one of them being sister who had been brought up a Catholic, and who had sought for liberty for eleven years. "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow—"

Sunday Night's Meeting.

The peculiar solemnity always attending our Sunday night's meetings was intensified into awe in the old circus tent in the dim wavering light of the hanging lamps with great spaces of the night visible through the torn canvas. On the brink of eternity, face to face with its awful realities, the people listened with breathless attention as speaker after speaker warned them from the platform.

"Take all my sins away," arose from many hearts with deep longing. Then came Staff-Capt. Walton's pathetic pleading: "That's what Thou hast done for me, Lord, taken all my sins away," followed by our dear Commissioner's forcible: "Lord, smite the sinner!" and the lesson taken from John xxi., "The Lord had got Peter into the right place at that testimony meeting," said Commissioner. "It seems to me that Peter's mind went back to the time when he had denied his Lord. The third time the question was put he answered: 'Lord, Thou knowest all things,' that is, 'Thou knowest that I denied Thee, but Thou knowest that with a broken heart I have also sought Thy face.'" Commissioner then thanked God for the company assembled who could look into God's face and say, "Lord, Thou knowest all things, Thou knowest that I love Thee." It was forced home upon him very strongly to-night that this was the last Sunday night's camp meeting he should ever be with us in. His heart yearned especially over the poor backslider who had once stood with us by the Cross as he had read of Peter, the restored backslider. He would sound out the message "There's mercy," to every backslider present. Let him but confess his guilt, give up his sin, and God would take him back and love him freely. Nothing could rejoice our hearts more than to see the prodigal come home again; nothing could give us greater joy than to say, "This my brother was dead and is alive again, was lost and is found."

Commissioner then announced that Col. Adams had been appointed as his successor. He wanted to bespeak for him the best welcome we could give him. It would be the best thing to carry on the war. For himself, he was going to Australia with the firm confidence that God's presence was going with him.

Bro. McLean, lately returned from England, where he had seen the General, gave a loving greeting from the latter to all Canadian comrades. Although no one loved Commissioner Coombs more than he did, yet he was glad to tell us that his successor was one of the grandest of men, and that in choosing him the General had the needs of Canada vividly before his mind. Speaking of Commissioner's appeal to the backslider, Bro. McLean remarked, "How God holds on to a man who has once given his heart to Him."

Staff-Capt. McHardy was then called upon. God gave him great power and the audience in the old tent hung upon the clear, plain message of salvation delivered through him. "The way to heaven is straight and plain; repent, believe, be born again." Many people would like to get past the "repent," which has come to us, however, down the ages. Over five years ago he had had a look at Jesus, and felt as he saw him hanging upon the tree as if there had never been another sinner save himself. When he had seen Him lifted between earth and heaven for his sins, then truly he had felt like repenting. Then, after repenting, he wondered what next he had to do. Around him the soldiers were singing, "I do believe, I will believe;" and someone said, "Bob, you'll have to do that; you've repented, now you'll have to believe." Soon he felt the power of God and God gave him an experience of great joy. "God saw it wise to give me feeling, and the joy came into my soul. The light came just as when the electric light is flashed on suddenly, and I felt it getting brighter. The glory came into my soul; I was lifted from my knees to my feet, and somebody took me gently down to a seat. God would take away *sin from* all who would come to-night—take it away until it rolled down behind His back into the sea of His forgetfulness forever."

Mr. Duncan and Mr. Gooderham also spoke. The latter pointed out the difference between a real and a spurious repentance. The prodigal repented and came back to his father's house. Judas repented and went and hanged himself.

In the prayer meeting many, we believe, returned home to their pardoning God.

Civic Holiday at Camp.

It is impossible in our limited space to do justice to Monday's meetings. From knee-drill to the great night meeting when the band boys were commissioned it was a day of victory, of triumphant rejoicing, a day of strong decision to many a sinful, many a half-hearted, many a fearful soul. Hallelujah!

A powerful never-to-be-forgotten holiness meeting, during which many a Salvationist launched out more boldly upon the exceeding great and precious promises was followed by a free and easy led by six of our most devoted women-officers. Staff-Capt. Banks took the testimony meeting, Brigade-Capt. Goodall read the lesson, Capt. Cowan sang in her clear, sweet voice, "For pardon to the Cross I came." Mrs. Southall, Capt. Hind, and Capt. Sophie Duff spoke or prayed, and our dear Commissioner gazed with pardonable pride upon his faithful and tried band of women warriors from his seat, or with true Salvationist alacrity sold War Crys and song books among the audience. Holy Ann and "Grannie" were helped by Commissioner upon the platform: both gave their wonted, quaint, strong testimonies. Best of all, many came forward at the close of the meeting to find a full and a free pardon at the foot of the Cross.

Monday night's commissioning of our dear band boys was the event of the day. As they marched into the old tent in their bright new uniforms with glowing enthusiastic faces, what true Salvationist was there present who did not feel thrilled with a present foretaste as well as anticipatory joy of glorious future victories in store for the Canadian Household Troops Band?

Songs and choruses interspersed with testimonies from the boys followed only in too quick succession to the intensely interested audience. The Hallelujah Scotchman sang, "In the narrow way I am treading." A narrow way in truth do these our band boys tread, a life of constant toil, of incessant travelling, and yet no one could look at their bright, boyish faces and imagine for a moment that to them it was not a joyful, free service of love to Him "who had not where to lay His head."

Commissioner then gave out the farewell announcements. Col. Bailey was also to be removed to another part of the Army's great world-field of warfare.

Col. Bailey, Capt. Leonard, and Staff-Capt. McHardy spoke.

A note was handed to Commissioner from Bro. Sexton, in which he begged for the privilege of a few words. He was at once cordially invited forward by Commissioner. Thankful indeed were we to hear our comrade's resolution to press on henceforward and to do all in his power to further the interests of the kingdom. He expressed his deep sorrow for the past and his love for Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs. He would like to travel around the Dominion with Commissioner to undo the past and felt sure he could never find a better place to work in than the Salvation Army. Cordially do we agree with him in this decision.

Many came forward in the solemn prayer meeting which followed, among others several children.

A Little Soldier's Demonstration, faith-healing meeting, and musical medley, were held on the evenings of the last three days; each of these meetings were blessed seasons of power and help to those who took part in them, especially the Divine healing meeting, in which many testified to the healing power of Christ, the great Physician. We cannot give our readers a detailed account of these meetings in this Cry, but may do so in a future number. These close one of the most remarkable series of camp meetings ever held in connection with the Canadian wing of the Army.

Our little Major (Margetts) was ever on the alert, doing all that he possibly could for the help, comfort, and convenience of those who took part in this camp, and surely, amidst all his labor, God blessed him, and such acts will not be overlooked on the Crowning Day.

It was a grand success, and the number of souls who were saved and sanctified during these sixteen days will ever live to thank God for the Army and its leaders. Let everybody pray that the next year's camp will far outdo that held this year.

Eastern Chow-Chow

PREPARED AT THE

Eastern Headquarters

Notwithstanding the exceeding warm weather, the Musical and Singing Troupe succeeded in drawing crowds, and are in for getting people blessed and saved.

* * *

They report a wonderful time at Oxford. Hall full and blessed influence. While at Pugwash their reception was simply immense.

* * *

Inside the building was one sea of humanity, while crowds scrambled in vain for admission.

* * *

The Major and Staff-Capt. Southall had the pleasure of being at both of the above mentioned places.

* * *

Says the Major, speaking of Pugwash, "Hall packed, and people standing all round the barracks, also sitting in their rigs listening to the music, etc.

* * *

Of course this is just as it should be, and we join our musical comrades in praising God for the power of attraction there is in the great S.A.

* * *

Capt. Connett, writing to Headquarters, says: "Still the Troupe is in the charge of God, and is kept well saved."

* * *

Don't fail to hear them when they come to your town. The Wright man, who is kept right on the right road is one of the number.

* * *

"Great peace have they which love Thy law, and nothing shall offend them."—Psalms 119-165.

* * *

Capt. McRae, who has just taken charge of Parrsboro, sends the following, "God is blessing our labors here. We had a long pull yesterday with four in the fountain." Pull again Captain, and keep pulling.

* * *

An officer speaking of the work she is engaged in, says: "Nothing short of souls will satisfy me."

* * *

This is the language of every true Salvationist, "Souls, souls, souls." What is it you crave for most, comrades? Examine yourself.

* * *

"For whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point is guilty of all."—James 2-10.

* * *

We heard the other day of two officers who, while visiting from house to house, imagined they were approaching the abode of the Catholic priest. In they walked, and were at once given to understand they were not treading the safest ground. After receiving a deal of abuse from the man who accosted them, they fell on their knees and poured out their prayers to God on behalf of the Priest and his Church in all its branches. Imagine their surprise when the man they were praying for turned out to be a member of the Baptist Church.

* * *

Speaking of visiting, I heard the other day of *two* Cadets who spent *two* hours calling on *two* families. There is quite a unity of *twos* in the above, but one thing is certain they do not harmonize *too* well.

* * *

"And to every man his work."—Mark 13-34.

* * *

Hampton sends the following: "Glory to God! Souls, more souls. All getting along well. Soldiers well saved, and converts getting on grand.

* * *

St. John I. is all ablaze with Salvation zeal. On Sunday at the Bowling alley was one of the most blessed I've spent for some time.

* * *

It was just previous to the march at night. Everybody was getting blessed, the glory was coming down proper. "Oh," she said, "I must burst." "Enlarge the vessel." cried out another. God answered prayer, and not only did He enlarge the vessel, but He filled, and re-filled, and filled it again.

* * *

A proper Hallelujah March around the barracks brought the night meeting to close.

* * *

Some four or five souls knelt at the mercy seat during the day, while Waterloo St. boasts of three precious souls won for God.

* * *

The Cadets at Sheffield also had cause to rejoice and praise God Saturday night over three prisoners taken for King Jesus.

* * *

The Mens' Training Home is getting on well. Capt. Jower has got lots of work on hand, and we are more than ever anxious that the call of God for volunteers may be responded to on all hands.

* * *

The latest arrival at the Mens' Training Home hails from Newfoundland, and may well be termed the "modern Billy Bray."

* * *

He is down on bussels and bangs, in fact he denounces the appearance of evil in every shape.

* * *

That's right Billy, keep on these lines and you will be some use to God, also to souls around you.

* * *

Speaking of the time when he received the blessing of a clean heart, he said, "It was just fifteen minutes past nine, by that old port there when I received the Spirit of God.

* * *

"If I cannot get the victory over the pipe how will I be able to face and overcome the greater obstacles?"

* * *

The above is a specimen of good, sound, common-sense reasoning. Would to God we had more of it.

* * *

Hear ye the battle cry, forward the call,
See, see the faltering ones, backward they fall,
Surely the Captain may depend on me,
Though but an Armour Bearer I may be.

* * *

If you want to feel the great need of being out and out for God, get alone in your room, close your eyes and sing the above chorus in the spirit, and then settle the matter for time and eternity by sending in your application at once.

To deny one's self is Christ-like! Self-Denial Week next October. Every soldier do so.

The Canadian Household Troops' Band.

(In charge of STAFF-CAPT. McHARDY)

Will visit the following places on their First Tour:

GUELPH,	August 31, September	1
ROCKWOOD,	"	2
ACTON,	"	3
GEORGETOWN,	"	4
MILTON,	"	5
BRAMPTON,	"	6
ORANGEVILLE,	"	7, 8
SHELBURNE,	"	9
ALLISTON,	"	10
BEETON,	"	11
BRADFORD,	"	12
AURORA,	"	13

—THE—

"Canadian Household Troops' Band."

Their First Tour.

A Stirring Start—Great Crowds—Marvellous Music—Souls Saved.

On Tuesday, Aug. 13, the Canadian Household Troops' Band left Headquarters at Toronto for their first tour through the country, under the charge of Staff-Capt. McHardy, with Capt. Leonard as Bandmaster.

The first trip was across the water to NIAGARA ON THE LAKE. As the boat was leaving the harbor, the band played some of their choice Salvation Army music, which evidently met with the approbation of the people, judging from the expressions of admiration which were heard. One man said, "You play fine. I would like to play with you fellows," but (putting his hand on his breast) "I'm not fit." May God save him and make him fit."

When we had got well started on our journey, the boys all knelt on the deck in prayer to God, that He would, from the very commencement of our trip till the end of it, control our actions, and bless our efforts in a way that His name would be glorified and souls saved.

Staff-Capt. McHardy prayed that God would grant that "As the boat left a track in the water, so we might leave behind us, as we journeyed from town to town, the fiery track of the Holy Ghost."

One thing worthy of notice was that while a great many were engaged in reading light literature, or idling away the time, the band boys were *reading their Bibles*, or improving the time for God in some other way.

We arrived at Niagara very hungry, and were soon sitting at a table amply provided with good things, which Capt. Lock and Lieut. McKeen had prepared for us. At night we had a march through some of the principal streets, and then returned to the barracks, where a very nice crowd was soon assembled. We had a real proper "Blood-and-fire" meeting. Didn't the boys take hold in prayer? If you had been there you would have thought so. Sinners were convicted and trembled in their seats. Three held up their hands as an intimation that they wanted to go to heaven, but just one took *the only way of getting there*, the way of the cross. Praise God, he got beautifully saved, and was as happy as a king.

One man said that the meeting was the nearest to true religion of anything he had ever seen; nevertheless, he went away unsaved. We were well used and provided for while there. An old bandmaster of that place said we were the best band that had ever came there.

AUGUST 14TH.—All aboard! We scramble into the train, and are soon rushing towards NIAGARA FALLS. On the way one of our number was asked to buy a cigar by the train boy, and was told that we "did not smoke, chew, drink, or swear." We had a splendid meeting, very well attended, which ended with two souls in the fountain. The good people of this place were very kind to us, and the playing and uniform of the band was very much admired.

Our next stop was at WELLAND, where we arrived on the morning of the 15th Aug. The band was put in position for the march to the barracks, and at the first blow the bass drummer sent his stick through the head of the drum. However, we do not believe in being stuck in the S.A., so the other side of the drum was turned round, and away we went. The march and meeting were very good. Irish Jim said that some people called the Army the scum of the earth, but, he said, "The scum of the milk is the cream." Hallelujah!

Staff-Capt. McHardy exhorted the people to give up their lives of sin, and in response to his enquiry as to "Who would like to have the prayers of God's people," five held up their hands; but as Capt. Braund had an ice-cream social in the barracks that night, we did not have the pleasure of seeing any at the penitent-form, before it was time to close the meeting. By the way, judging from the manner in which that ice-cream disappeared, we should say that the social was a success. Capt. Braund is determined to make things "go" in Welland.

On Friday the train which brought us towards FORT ERIE, was behind time, consequently we were late in getting there. After we had been billeted at different places, and had eaten a late dinner, we met at the barracks, and had a march and a short meeting. Capt. Pepper believes in having testimonies short and to the point. His own was, "Thank God I have a warm heart as well as a warm name, and I mean to 'pepper' the devil more than ever." Nobody yielded, and the meeting was closed.

The night meeting was grand. The barracks was packed full, and as there were not seats enough, our valises were set on end, and used as stools, and some little boys were compelled to sit on the platform; and besides all this, there was a large number who could not get in, and some of them stood outside and looked in through the windows. So many stayed in for the prayer meeting that the air became so oppressive, we were compelled to close without seeing anybody saved, but we believe there will yet be a harvest from the seed sown.

An old lady, where some of the boys were billeted, said she had not walked the distance of half a block away from home for five years, but she managed to walk a mile and a half to the barracks in order to attend our meetings, and was up bright and early to see the boys off in the morning.

At another place there was an old gentleman who had been partly paralyzed for twelve years, and to hear him talk of the love of Christ would do your heart good. He said, "If I had not got Christ, I would indeed be miserable," but as it is, he is calmly waiting for the Master's call.

The next place we visited was ST. CATHARINES, where we arrived on the 17th Aug. The band was very much admired by the citizens as we marched through the streets. The people were very glad to see Staff-Capt. McHardy back amongst them again, and as we marched along his ears were assailed with such expressions as "Hallo, Bob," "Glad to see you," etc., etc. We stopped in front of the "Journal" office, and a gentleman came to the door and called out, "I say, Bob, that's a pretty fine band you've got with you."

At the night meeting Staff-Capt. McHardy said that his salvation was like an electric street car, which had the power within itself to go, and had no baulky horses to stop it. Glory to God!

The holiness meeting Sunday forenoon was a time of power, and God did come very near and bless us. One sister gave a remarkable testimony as follows:—I was very much pinched for money, and I asked God for it; and in answer to prayer, a friend who knew nothing about my praying for the money, gave me five dollars. At another time she wanted to get a pair of gloves, and just had money enough to get them, but she felt God wanted her to give to a collection, so she gave the money, and did without the gloves; but a short time after a friend gave her a pair of gloves. Hallelujah! The meeting closed with three out for cleansing. The afternoon meeting was very well attended, and at the close one soul sought and found salvation.

At night a very good crowd came to the barracks to hear the story of the cross. Somebody wanted Staff-Capt. McHardy to leave the Army and go at something where he could make his mark. He said he was satisfied where he was, and as far as the mark was concerned, he was glad to say that there was a mark made in heaven for him, by the hand of God, as follows:—"Robert McHardy, born again March 24, 1884."

There were several who were convicted of sin, and felt they should have given their hearts to God, but only one sought salvation. Praise the Lord, he got it. So ends another week spent for God. We are all well saved, and still going on to victory. Hallelujah!

LIEUT. ALF. WAIT.

Don't forget to see that your Big Bass Drum, Kettle Drum, as well as the Corps' Colors are brought along to the Commissioner's Farewell in Toronto.

COL. BAILEY'S

—THIRD AND LAST—

Instalment of His Western Trip.

Toronto's two weeks' camp meeting, combined with arrears of office work have kept me fully employed since my return to Toronto and delayed the recording of the remainder of the tour.

* * *

The thirty-six hours' ride from New Westminster to Kamloops is full of interest. The grandeur of the Rockies is simply beyond all description. One is continually occupied wondering at the creations of God and the engineering skill of man.

* * *

All the years I have been an officer I have only met one person who did not know what my uniform meant; this man I met on this journey. He had just come from a mining district about 200 miles north of the railway. His companion was a whiskey bottle, from which he had been drinking copiously; I believe it was more due to the latter than the former that he failed to recognise the Salvation Army by its uniform.

* * *

Kamloops is a nice little town in a valley by the lake, a beautiful spot. We have recently opened here, and I was pleased with the band of converts waiting enrolment. The soul-saving work has spread to the churches.

* * *

At my next place, Calgary, the work is suffering for want of a suitable building. We had a grand free meeting in the Methodist church (thanks for the loan of it), the pastor and some of his members giving God glory for personal salvation.

* * *

One of the most pleasant things to me during the whole trip was a visit I paid next day to a convert far away from any corps. She had become converted at a corps and left soon after to work at a dining-hall on the line. The two pleasing features of this visit were: 1st. The interest the officer showed in the convert in asking me to call as I passed through. 2nd. The great joy the convert felt and the thankfulness expressed at having someone to call, if only for two or three minutes, to look after her soul. Surely if all converts were followed with the same thoughtfulness by all officers we should have a larger percentage to enrol than now.

* * *

At Brandon the Winnipeg band boys, with Major Young, gave me a grand welcome. These comrades were with me during the balance of my tour, having arranged to leave work and home for a week specially to help push the chariot along. Their presence and help I feel very grateful for. We had some very blessed fellowships together, and I believe the Lord rewarded them for the sacrifice. I cherish very happy memories of the battles we fought. Our Brandon meetings were very successful. At some, crowds were unable to get in, the enthusiasm was great, it was a very difficult matter to close the evening meetings. One soul was sanctified and one saved. The open-air meetings were no small part of our victories, although that of Monday afternoon was spoiled somewhat by a fire near the barracks. However, the band boys had a grand chance to show to all that they knew how to work as well as play instruments. No small part of the stock saved was rescued by the band boys. The corps has a beautiful barracks, the best I have seen for a long time, well worth, I should say, the money spent on it.

* * *

At Carberry I presented colors, but was not very well in body; however, the band boys came to the rescue and we got through all right. Two soldiers, a mother and son, were enrolled, and everything looks like victory. The band boys took the floor of the quarters for a bed and told me they enjoyed it immensely.

* * *

Perfect freedom prevailed at Portage; the boys danced, and so did I. One soul got saved, and I think we closed the meeting about 11.30. Someone said it was the best they had ever been in. Well, it certainly was good, although we did have to do a little "lecturing" about the special efforts of the Salvation Army. Thank God, every effort is special, and that's why we have the victory.

* * *

The band boys held the fort another day at Portage whilst Major, Adjutant, and myself journeyed to Carberry, where we had a very fair meeting in a beautiful barracks, but no one got saved, which made me feel sad.

* * *

The next day the band joined us again at Portage; about twenty officers also came aboard at various points, and, with a company of soldiers waiting at the depot, we marched through Winnipeg streets a strong force, full of faith for the four days' battle there to wind up the tour.

* * *

I cannot remember all that we said and sung at the welcome meeting, but I do remember that it was a very blessed time. The mighty influence of the Spirit was present. Two souls sought pardon and one sanctification. One of these was a man drunk, arrived that day from Morden, who "could not tell what had brought him to the barracks, but he felt he had fallen into good company."

* * *

Councils for officers are few and far between out West, owing to the long distances and heavy expense of travelling. However, the D. O. had made special efforts, and by helping some poorer comrades all the officers of the district, with one or two exceptions, were present. What a time we had! "An all-day with God" is the best definition. There were times of weeping, praying, shouting, rejoicing, confessing, noise and silence, and victory, I believe, was written on every heart before the finish. I don't think one present would have regretted if the money spent to be present had been twice as much; the blessings obtained were so glorious.

* * *

The fighting on Sunday was good and victorious. The children's meeting of the afternoon you will find reported in the LITTLE SOLDIER (if the editor put it in). The open-air work in the evening was changed somewhat, for a long string of officers, bandsmen, and soldiers stood single file in the gutter and talked salvation to the crowd on the sidewalks, about a dozen testifying along the line at the same time. Oh, the commotion this caused! The band increased the wonderment by suddenly running away, the crowd following to the barracks to see what was the matter. A glorious meeting followed inside, and again two souls sought salvation. A hallelujah wind-up finished my meetings West, and the next day I left for Toronto, arriving just in time for the ten days' camp meeting. The war rolls on here also.

—FROM—

India to Heaven

Capt. Mary McLean's (Chandni) March Into Gloryland.

HER LIFE AND DEATH.

Mary McLean has received her reward at the hands of Him whom she loved so much that for His sake she left her Canadian home and friends to spend her life and talents on the shores of India for India's dying millions. Last year, as we gazed into her happy face during those memorable farewell meetings, we did not think that ere twelve months had gone she would be a glorified saint, but such is the news received from the land of her adoption, and we hasten to give our readers a short sketch of her warfare.

Looking through her life, which we have at Headquarters, and which was written by her own hand, we find the following:—

I was born in Shediac, N.B., and when very young moved to St. Stephen, N.B., being brought up to know that the way of the transgressor was hard. When very young God laid it upon my heart to be a missionary. But soon the vision of childhood passed away, and the pleasures of the world took the place of my religious desires. I was all for and after what the world called fun. I found it to a certain extent, but it did not satisfy, and satisfaction was something I was after and went in for. My mother's desire was to see me a Christian, and she prayed to God many times to spare her to see her family saved. Hallelujah! He did, and loves to see the one yet out of Christ come to Him. But I couldn't think of such a thing as to settle down with a long face, for I thought saved people had to do this, you know, until I met the S.A. three years ago. It came into our town. I went. But I said, "I like a happy religion, and that suits me too well." Of course the devil said, "Oh, no, they are people who kneel in the mud, etc., and you can never do that." So I went away for a time, but all the while those happy faces kept haunting me, and something told me, "That is what you need." The devil tried every way to keep me from getting this happy life, but, hallelujah, there came a time when, *in spite of devil and foe*, that I had to come to Jesus, and there and then God did a work that no one can undo. The world can't give nor the world can't take away what I feel and enjoy in my soul just now. I fought five months as a soldier, then God called me. I obeyed, and feel by His help that my skirts are clear of the blood of men and women in N. B. My Father calls and I dare not disobey. I am leaving all, as Jesus did for me. I would not, if I could, exchange this life for ALL the world, for I know the sufferings of this life can't be compared with the life to come if we live godly in Christ Jesus. I mean by His grace to follow all the way, and soon I shall reap my reward, and be there to crown Him Lord of all. Glory be to God.

Yours for India,

MARY McLEAN.

From Canada to India.

We are indebted to Lieut. F. Wood (Yudhisthira) for the following sketch:—

As you all well know, Capt. McLean was chosen from the volunteers in the Maritime Provinces, and came up to Toronto with several others, where she joined the party and started on the way to India. On board the "Circassian" from Montreal to Liverpool, the Captain received a severe blow, which, no doubt, hastened on her death. You heard of the heavy weather experienced on that part of the journey, and all, more or less, suffered from the effects. Well, she evidently suffered more, and even on board the S.S. her life was despaired of.

In England, however, she recovered some, but was unable to leave when the rest did.

Some of her heaviest fighting was done while in England, and here the devil tried her sorely, giving her little, if any peace. But sure of the call of her God for India, she stuck to that, and literally did "fight it out." At last she came to India, accompanied by Muthabaranam and Horatula, and arriving in Bombay on Friday night, 7th February. You may be sure that we gave them a hearty reception. It was my privilege of first (of the Canadians) grasping our dear comrade's hands and welcoming her to India.

FIGHTING IN INDIA.

While in India her faith has never slackened—always increased, although everything, seemingly, has been against her. She was not strong when she arrived, and the exceedingly hot weather which followed, again laid our comrade aside, and totally unfitted her for any front rank fighting; but to say the least of it, she has made a desperate fight during her stay here, and gained marvellous victories.

When the Home of Rest was opened at Khandala in the Ghauts, some distance from Bombay, Capt. McLean, with others, was sent there.

She stayed all during the hot season, and returned to Bombay a few weeks ago, when the monsoons compelled the Home to remove to this city. She never rallied. Consumption had such a hold of her frame that it was evident to everyone that she could not last long. She was herself aware of this, and could always shout with old-time vim, "Hallelujah! I'm ready!"

While laying by thus she was the means of much, untold good. All who came near her testify to the spiritual benefit received, and consequently no one is more missed.

I have two letters which were written by her while in the Home of Rest, of which extracts will not come at all amiss, and will greatly cheer and bless all your readers, as they have done myself.

In one she writes:—"I am contented with whatsoever state God chooses to place me in. Some can't see this, but it is not for all to know the mysteries of the Kingdom of God. We shall know hereafter. I am not wondering why it should be me, I only know I am no more in the sight of God than any of the rest. So if He chooses this for me, why, Amen. I am going on. I am doing my little for the Master, and He seems satisfied with that. If it is only to lie and groan, I'll do that well.

Oh, what peace the Saviour gives! I feel Jesus more precious to me than ever. I understand Him more. I feel more of His nearness. Life would be such a blank at this time of my experience; instead of rejoicing would be sorrow over a misspent life. But I don't look at it that way now, for while I had strength I did what the Lord required of me, and I am going to do the same now. I am still believing to be to the front.

"The road may be rough, but it cannot be long,
So I'll cheer it with *hope* and smooth it with *song*."

Someone asked me if I liked the thorny path. I said, "Yes, it would not be sweet if it wasn't for the thorns." All roses; our eyes would get tired seeing the different colors and smelling the different ones, but this way to me grows sweeter. I am not tired of the way or of following Jesus; but I do get weary just like He did and I have to sit down and rest by the wayside. Sometimes I say, "Lord Jesus, take me. But not my time—His own blessed time.

I SHALL WAIT AND BE READY WHEN HE COMES."

This morning I feel such a heavenly influence hovering around me just as if it would carry me away on wings of faith.

COULD, WITHOUT A STRUGGLE GO SWEEPING HOME.

What a blessing health is! How those who have it ought to thank God for it more than they do.

I am comfortable. Commissioner Tucker wrote me, also Major Ajeet Singh. Beautiful! I wasn't to want for any thing.

I love the natives more than ever—their poor dark souls. Jesus will answer prayer; I pray for them. I pray for you all. If I am not present in the body I am in spirit. Always feel you have someone who bears you up to the God who cannot fail to help and is always near to cheer. Cheer up, and keep looking up and smiling."

Oh, what volumes the above letter contains! It speaks more—far more—than pen can write. It shows the spirit she bore through all her affliction, as does also the one of which the following are extracts:—

"You know sometimes God allows the devil to tempt us and try our metal. He tried Job a long time but without success. Oh, hallelujah! because there is a deliverance for every soul that trusts.

We mustn't think our lot is harder than someone else, because it is not so. Many of our comrades have it much harder than we do. I don't feel my lot as hard as it might be, although I am having as much fighting against the devil here as any. But Jesus counts on me. If He only gave me one talent I must increase or I will lose it at that day. Oh! I do love Jesus, and if nothing is too hard for Him all things are possible to me. So I believe His grace is sufficient for my weakness, and if He wants me to the front I shall be there.

I AM NOT REGRETTING THE CALL OR STEP I HAVE TAKEN.

I don't question God and say, Why is this or that? What now is done in darkness shall be revealed in the light.

I love India more and its people. God will honor my prayers, for I pray with my whole heart for you all. . . . I am so weak, I can't read, only think. Oh! how God has helped me to bear all this without a murmur. There are times when death would be a welcome messenger and I can say 'Amen, Lord Jesus come quickly.' I get so weary and tired—no rest anywhere. But Jesus gives me rest in my soul, and by-and-bye a home over there. Be true! and remember no matter what comes or in what shape it may come, or by whom it may, God first allows it to be as a trial for your faith. Ah! where would I be if I had looked at my case another way. I saw this while in London where the hardest battle was fought and gained. No one only God knows all, but He, bless His dear name, has all the glory. So I shall praise Him while I live and then go shouting Glory! home. . . .

I have all the comforts I need. . . .
Your S. A. Sister for India and Jesus,

CHANDNI."

Promotion and Soldier's Funeral.

Isn't this a testimony to leave behind? I give these because they carry more force with them than all I could tell you about her life of consecration and service, although on a sick bed.

Exactly a week before she died all the Canadian comrades in Bombay called and saw her after officers' meeting and had a regular spiritual time together. We were greatly blessed and cheered by our comrade's words and testimony which was brighter than before, for every day she grew more like her Lord, and so she got nearer still until now she has gone to be with Him forever.

When it came to her turn death found her ready. Death had lost its sting and grave its victory, and at half-past nine on Thursday night, July 11th, her happy soul took its flight to the realms of bliss and glory, and she is now among that number around the Throne who have come out of great tribulation and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Hallelujah!

Truly her end was peace. She was too weak to speak, but her face, beautifully lit up with a heavenly smile, told "more than tongue can tell" of a heart washed clean, and a firm, implicit trust in her great Redeemer, Who did carry her across Jordan's flood, and He was her light in the cold, dark swellings of death's stream.

SHE FELL ASLEEP!

The Funeral Service was

at three o'clock next afternoon. We all met at the Home of Rest, Chinchpoogly, all the Bombay Canadians being present (Capts. Turner, Carwardine, Lightowler, Jordan, Lieuts. McLaren, Armstrong and Wood). As we viewed the remains of our glorified comrade, we each vowed to be truer than ever to God, His Army, and India. Truly,

"She laid, a true warrior,
Taking her rest
With her Army dress around her."

She looked a true Salvation warrior. There she lay, dressed (as she previously desired) in her fakir-dyed dress and red jacket with "The Salvation Army" worked across the front in the vernacular. What a sight! How it inspired us onward to so live, fight and die! After a real consecrating time, led by Major Ajeet Singh, we drove to the Cemetery at Sewree. The weather being wet (the monsoon season), it was arranged that only enough should go as could do last honors to our comrade. There were eight all told. When we arrived at the spot, the rain, which had been falling in torrents, stopped, and *the sun came out in all its splendour* (quite a wonder), and seemed to smile upon us, and *it shone until we left for home.*

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 12.]

Holiness

TO OFFICERS!

A few sentences written from the Training Home to an officer who had retreated from the fight, but who subsequently returned to it. I doubt not that the sentiment exactly expresses the feeling of territorial and district Headquarters all over the world.

"We do care for you here, and are most anxious that you should become a mighty power for God, and a successful soul-winner. I am going to believe that God will make this dreadful matter a tremendous blessing to your soul if you will only let Him do so, * * *. Have you had any soul dealing with God definitely, and obtained His forgiveness? That you should certainly do, and at once. Get your soul right with Him at whatever cost of humiliation and suffering. I am sure that your loving Father will forgive you if you will go and deal definitely with him about it, fully determined to do His will in the future * * *. When dealing with God be very thorough in your consecration, and while praying, give Him a chance to speak back to you. Do not get off your knees the instant you have finished speaking to Him, but wait before Him for awhile. I am sure it would be much better for all of us if we did this more."

EARNESTNESS.

"AL."

It was only the other day that the stirring town of ——— was suddenly thrown into a state of excitement. It was the time of day when workmen were enjoying their noon repast and business in general seemed to be suspended *Pro-tem.* The sun shone in splendour upon the town, while the fresh westerly wind sent a pleasant cooling sensation over the unsuspecting citizens, who in a few moments are aroused by the alarming cry of fire! fire!! The bells are soon clanging out the warning that the devouring element is at its work of destruction. The tramp of feet is heard as men rush toward the scene of disaster. One look at the volumes of smoke ascending heavenward convinces one it is not a false alarm. Hose reels and fire engine cannot reach the scene quick enough. Bucket lines are formed, every effort is put forth to stay the progress of the flames, every one seems to be in earnest, property and possibly lives are in danger. Soon it is discovered that the wind has carried burning cinders along until they have set fire to a dozen or so different buildings.

People were earnest before, but are more so now, in fact it reaches what might be termed a boiling state of excitement. People forget about their good clothes, public opinion, pride, sports, etc., etc., in their earnestness to stay the progress of the flames.

Even the staid clergyman who does not believe in excitment, forgets all else, sees the danger, realizes the need of being in earnest, gets excited, grasps his cane in both hands and goes around shouting at every one he meets to try and make them do more to remedy the evil. Every one seemingly works with a will and soon the fire is quenched and the town saved. No one seems to want to deny that the town is saved.

While looking upon this scene my soul has been going out in thankfulness to God that He has saved me from the burning pit of hell. I also groan in spirit as I look around and see how few real earnest workers there are trying to rescue souls from hell. I see the flames of sin spreading with alarming rapidity, fanned by the ill winds of hell, which might come under the head of pride, innocent (?) [illegible] tippling, tobacco using, novel reading, dancing, etc.

Men, women and children are being wrapped in its flames, and will in a very short time, unless rescued, be lost forever. Not only that, but the cinders are being thrown around upon the pure and innocent children, and soon they will be completely enveloped, all for the want of some real whole-hearted, earnest workers who will forget self and selfish interests, and what people may think or say, and become baptized with the heavenly conviction to go forth to the rescue.

True, people may say you are excited and you cannot stand the strain of working so hard and will soon have to give up. But "never say die until you are dead". Realize that there is danger, and that souls are being lost! lost!! lost!!! Oh, how that word seems to ring through my soul, as it seemingly comes from the burning, seething pit of the damned from souls lost for all eternity, all for the want of some one during their life time to have dealt earnestly with them.

Officers, soldiers, converts, christians, are you really concerned about the souls which are in sin? If not, get down before God and ask him to show you your true state, also empty your heart of false sympathy and ask God to fill it with Holy zeal without which your work will be in vain. Than go forward to conquer, or their blood will be required at your hands.

For the Curious?

CAPT. W. PAYNE.

NOTWITHSTANDING all the peculiarities, that naturally vary, but exist among the people of the world, one cannot help but notice the traits of character which are so visible among those who profess to have their understanding enlightened by the knowledge and the grace of God, to see what comprises right from wrong.

In quite a prominent station I noticed some individuals who for some few weeks, or perhaps months at a time, took their seat incessantly upon the platform, and the next thing I noticed they were sitting in the audience. On asking what was the matter, they answered, "Somebody had done something wrong, or said something," and immediately, for the word's sake, they were offended. Pitiable creatures, their feelings must be very tender, and their religious dignity must be very easily touched when such a little thing is so highly offensive to their superior quality of Christianity, as they suppose; and for the time being, on account of their being so sensitive, they have to disperse with the more devotional part of their service to God until such parties make an apology for the supposed encroachment upon their religious character.

WHAT THEY THINK.

Another spurious excuse, "So and so has done such and such, and I won't sit on the platform until they are excommunicated. I am too respectable to sit beside the devil, but I don't mind giving him a chance once in a while in my parlor, and holding a consultation with him about certain things which has a perfect right to be investigated; but I assure you I will not sit beside the devil on the platform." I don't know which you think the most suitable place to sit beside the devil (as you call it), the platform or the parlor. For me I fail to see the difference; one is as bad as the other. Still, it is very thoughtful of you, shunning to disgrace Christianity because you fail to live it out and are afraid of losing your reputation by it. If spoken to or advised in a manner approved of God they seem to draw a veil of solemnity over their face which very often changes. As an individual remarked to me in a case of this kind, "Do you think that I am going to sit beside the devil on the platform." I am sure it is far better to have him sit beside us than that he should have a place in the heart; he cannot do us much harm by sitting at our side, but if he works his way into the heart, there is no telling but that it may result on being set on fire of hell, and is sure to, if not remedied before it is too late by Christ.

I am not surprised at the devil trying to sit on the platform, for he is an intruder, and I suppose always will be. Why, he has presumption enough to take the cushioned seat in the parlor of your heart and make himself at home, if you give him a chance. For it would be just his delight to dethrone Jesus Christ if it were possible he could bring it about. And do you wonder at the devil coming and whispering into your ear, and saying such a person has been talking very slanderously about you, and that your character has been terribly blackened? "If I was you I would not stand this any longer, for it has been going on for some time. The devil is always going around as a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour, and it does not matter to him who he uses or what he uses as long as he gets hold of you. He has his agents around among the people of God everywhere.

You remember the man sowing the good seed, and an enemy came and sowed tares, and it went on to say that if they pulled up the tares they might destroy some of the good, so concluded it was better to let both grow together until the time of harvest, when they would separate the tares from the wheat, and tie them in bundles by themselves, and then gather them and cast them into the fire, where they are burned. The good seed are the children of the Kingdom, but the tares are the children of the Wicked One, who are gathered by the reapers and cast into the unquenchable fire of hell. Which of the two are you? Answer it before God.

Some people are even foolish enough to begin to reason with flesh and blood and with those who are their professed friends, but who in reality are their enemies, and through their pernicious whims they become deceived, and leave off as they are advised the extremely unnecessary work that they go through in the S. A. I pity those who do not want to loose their reputation by sitting beside somebody, as they say, 'who is of the devil.' Perhaps they can see the mote in their brother's eye, but cannot detect the beam in their own. We will pray that God will help such to get the beam removed, and then they will be able to help their sister or brother to get the mote out. It does not take the sanctified eye long to see through the surface work and bring to view the vipers of pride and selfishness.

You may be sure the devil would just as soon come on the platform and go anywhere else if he can accomplish his end by driving you off, for he delights in bringing about controversies and divisions, knowing full well the Scripture that Jesus advanced, "a kingdom or a house divided against itself cannot stand." Why not have a determination that will stick to that which you know to be the will of God? That although the agents of the devil may color your character and make it appear as black as the regions of hell, it will not lessen your fervor or devotion any.

But only be to yourself what the wind is to the sturdy oak, help it to deepen its roots and grow all the more. So slander ought to only tend to help you to become rooted and grounded more and more in the love of Christ. Because somebody has done wrong is all the more reason why you ought to do that which is right. It seems to me some must have very small ideas of what it means to be Christ-like; they seem to not have counted the cost of sharing the cross with Christ, or they would not stumble over such small things, grabbing after larger only to loose all, or in other words, "straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel." For you who are guilty of the like deeds, I would like to say for your encouragement, God can give you love enough to preserve your own character and save the reputation of others by praying for them and pointing them to the "Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world." If you will only let God keep your eyes open, you will always be able to detect the devil's move, and having the Spirit of Christ in you be able to lift up a standard against him which will put him to flight. So many seemingly, when they are some time on the way, almost if not altogether forget this passage of Scripture, that God expects and is delighted with those who "endure hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ." Again, "Blessed is the man that endureth temptation, for when he is tried he shall receive a crown of life which fadeth not away." Poor poverty-stricken creature, do not live any longer in the dry and barren waste of picking flaws in others' character while your own is so shaky that it is about to fall to pieces. This may be a cheap way to live, but it is the wrong way to heaven. Are you one of these changing mortals? Be consolidated by the love of Christ.

BRAN NEW HAPPENINGS
— IN —
CAPE BRETON.

GATHERED BY A "SAL."

The devil no doubt thought he would score a victory during the hot weather and keep the people away from our barracks but 'he got left,' as the crowds have been grand through-out the Island, both at our indoor and open-air meetings, also there has been an ingathering of souls.

* * *

Auntie, (Capt. McPherson), has said good-bye, "amidst many tears," to C—— B——and has gone for a rest. We shall miss you Auntie, and we pray that God will soon restore you to health again and place you where your heart delights to be in the front of the battle.

* * *

We welcome Capt. G—— to Cape Breton and trust Cow Bay will feel the effect of the go-ahead-bound-to-win spirit which she possesses, and that her stay in our midst will be much blessed by God. Already we notice some catching the fire.

* * *

I hear rumors of more farewelling, who is it? Well keep believing, Major Deakin will soon be in our midst, then the secret will leak out. I understand the officers have the spirit of any-where-for-Jesus.

* * *

We are sorry to know we are so soon to loose our Commissioner. Indeed we would like to have him pay us a visit, but as he cannot we say "God speed and use him." Our hearts are open to welcome our new Commissioner. "*Omina ad Dei gloriam.*"

* * *

I believe the S. A. pic-nic at North S——made the biggest stir ever known in S. A. circles on the Island. In fact they tell me it is the talk of the place. The meetings on the grounds were grand. But the meeting at night in the rink "took the cake."

* * *

I understand the Cow Bay pic-nic was good too, if not on as large a scale, and the people heard the truth too.

* * *

But is it true a certain soldier was off playing ball while the open air meetings were going on? I wonder how he would like to have faced God just then. I fear it would have been as the hand writing on the wall said to Belshazzar.—"TEKEL."

* * *

Sydney, "where art thou." I almost fancy I can hear a voice say, "Here about the Master's business and not laboring in vain. Souls are being saved."

* * *

Taking things altogether in Cape Breton and in summing them up from what I see and hear the S. A. is rushing ahead and God is being glorified.

* * *

You might tell our friends not to forget to keep the axle of the "old chariot" well oiled with funds, as I heard the Capt. at —— say they needed more oil (money) to keep things moving. Come along friends.

Whoever would look to receive any benefit from Christ must come in faith; it is that only which makes us capable of any favor.

When the wire is in connection with the battery, you feel its tingling touch. If Christ in me is working mightily, I, a mere wire, may send life thrilling through another whom I touch. Filled with the fulness of God, I may minister of that fulness to needy souls.

Thou Art the Man! Thou Art the Woman!

ANOTHER LOUD CALL.

BY J. READ.

LOTS of soldiers no doubt read the article, "You Coward," in last week's "Cry," and the cap must sorely have fitted hundreds; but, as is generally the case, the responsibility was put upon somebody else, while those who heard God's voice and felt God's call; transgressed so far as to again disobey and consequently they are further from peace and rest, and thus another injustice and injury has been done to the extension of the Kingdom of Christ; while the devil fairly gloats over the many victories he is gaining in getting young men and young women to hold back from becoming candidates and officers in God's great Salvation Army. While all this disobedience exists, the poor sinful world is dying, the vast army of drunkards, swearers, harlots and Christ rejectors is ever on the up-grade. Men love darkness rather than light. Countless human sacrifices are being offered up daily on the altar of lust, drink, and worldly amusement; most awful accidents are carrying away thousands of precious lives either to eternal doom or eternal happiness, the world at large is drifting to damnation, and yet amid all these eternal truths, there are many soldiers in our various corps who by their lives and actions treat it with an air of indifference or carelessness, knowing all the time that they are just hindrances to the poor perishing crowd who daily look to them for help, but find none. Oh, it is no great wonder why so many soldiers backslide, and ruin both soul and body, for God has called for laborers, and they have refused, and the result is that their souls will eventually be lost through such wilfol acts of shame and disgrace.

A man falls into the lake. A big crowd gathers on the shore. They see his awful condition, his nearness to death, yet not one stirs to render the poor fellow any assistance. They see him sink for the first, second and third time. He rises no more and is drowned. What do you think of the crowd who watched? Surely they were his murderers, for among the number there were many who could swim, and who might have saved the precious life, but they heeded not the bitter cry for help, but let the dear fellow sink to rise no more. And what a true picture this is of dying humanity. Many of our soldiers see the sin, watch the drunkard, hear the bitter oaths and curses which breathe on the air, hear the cry for spiritual help, and yet do as the Priest and Levite did—pass by on the other side.

"Saved to save others" was a motto I saw attached to an officer's name, and this is the beginning and end of every Salvation soldier's life. "God saved you that you might go and pull others out of the same net in which you had been entangled, and it will avail nothing for you to say, "I am not gifted, I know so very little, I cannot talk, I am so ignorant," for "Thou art the man, brother! Thou art the woman, sister!" and the sooner you feel your own personal responsibility in this matter the better will it be both for yourself and for the dying world. Fifty per cent. of our soldiers have backslidden through this disobedience to the divine call, and I write these words of warning that you may profit thereby and rouse up out of the lethargy of indifference in which the devil is rocking you to sleep. So much has been said and written about this matter, that it seems just a repetition of calls for the war, and yet above all this writing there is a far louder and more important voice calling. It is the call of God Himself. You have tried to get away from this, you have stifled the inward voice which will never let you rest. You would rather be "at ease in Zion," and let somebody else bear the burden and heat of the day. Oh, how cowardly this is! How ignominious in the eyes of our blessed Christ! Only a few days ago a dear fellow said, "No matter what 'War Cry' I take hold of, it is sure to contain a call for the work, and I can't get away from it." That young man is going down to ruination fast, and the first step he took was to disobey the call to become a S. A. officer. True picture this of many others who will read this very article, and for God's sake you must arouse and rush to the rescue, without any more parleying whatever. A great inquisition of blood will be held at the Judgment Bar, and somebody will have to face the great army of poor unsaved backsliders who will cry for mercy but fail to receive it; and as the awful judgment "Depart ye cursed" is pronounced the unfaithful watchmen, those who have failed to warn the sinner faithfully, and those who have refused the call, will be horrified to find some on the left hand, whom they might have rescued and pointed to Jesus. But it will be too late then to amend. Time will be no more.

TO THE RESCUE!

Just as sure as this dear fellow was fast drowning, and but for the timely aid of another man would have perished, so sure are thousands of souls perishing through sin, drink, and lust of every kind. These will be eternally lost and damned for ever if some of our young, healthy God-called soldiers do not rise up and rush to the rescue of these dying millions. If this picture fails to arouse you, read the article on this page, entitled, "Thou Art the Man, Thou Art the Woman!" and on your bended knees promise God that you will be a soul-winner.

All chance for doing good will for ever be gone, and in bitter despair every disobedient one will hear Jesus say, "Inasmuch as ye did it not unto the least of one of these my brethren, ye did it not unto me." Awful sentence this; but, my comrade, it must be yours unless you rouse up to duty. Gird on the armour and rush to the field. How madly the world rushes into pleasure, with what eagerness they go after fun and amusement. How they teem down the broad road to ruin and tumble into hell by thousands, day after day. Surely you dare not stand by and look on. "Is this nothing to you, all ye that pass by?" Now, will you once and forever settle it to follow Jesus at all costs? You know it will mean suffering, pain, persecution, and scorn, but what of that? You cannot get to heaven on a bed of roses. God will not crown you unless you fight. And it is no use for you to be devil-deluded any longer. There is no loop-hole of escape for you. The world must be saved, and to every soldier God says, "Thou art the man" and "Thou art the woman."

Now, if all other calls have failed to bring you out of your shell, you cannot read this one and refuse without sinning against God. Surely you dare not testify on holiness if you are in a disobedient state, for like a ghost this call will continue to rise up before you. It will haunt you, when asleep and when awake. In the store and at home God's claim upon you will be felt. In short, there is no place or position on earth where you can hide away from Him who has distinctly and definitely called you to this glorious warfare, the conquest of the world for God. How will you escape if you neglect so great an opportunity? Does a worldly prospect rise up before you? Is position a hindrance? Do your parents disagree with you? Are you not saved from public opinion? What are all these things, for Christ said, "He that loveth father, mother, wife, houses or lands more than me is not worthy of me;" and comrade, you cannot rest upon the old prop that you are not called, for the great need has once and for ever broken down this prop, and you have no other excuse to justify yourself in thus keeping back from the front of the battle. If these things are so, then it is sheer mockery to be a soldier in a corps when your place is at the front as an officer, and "be not deceived, God is not mocked." Ten thousand persons perished in the great flood at Johnstown. Millions of souls are being lost daily in the great flood tides of drink, debauchery, lust and sin, and the dear Lord cries out louder and plainer than ever, "Whom shall I send and who will go for me?" Now, my brother and sister, it is Jesus who calls. The King of Glory cries out for brave men and women, modern Daniels who will do or dare anything for Him, who will go to the very verge of hell to draw sinners from its grasp. Will you obey? Parley no longer, but send in your application, and peace, joy, liberty, power, victory and heaven shall be yours, both now and ever.

— AN —

Awful Massacre!

BLASTED LIVES,
RUINED HOPES,
GHASTLY SCENES.

THIS massacre is no bloody carnal warfare between two countries, neither is it a desperate combat between various savage and semi-barbarian races, but it is a massacre far more ruinous, and with more awful consequences than any nation's most deadly warfare. It is the carnage of millions of earth's fairest mortals, through the indulgence of that soul and body killer—liquor. The most promising lives have been ruined, comfortable homes have been made desolate, dear little children have become orphans and men and women on every hand and in every clime are brought to a lower state than the brute through strong drink. And to make matters worse those who are professed Christ followers, and who ought to be lifting up their voices against this damnable, national, moral and spiritual evil, are the very ones who, in a moderate way, tamper with the deadly poison, which murders so many of those over whom the blessed Lord has set such as watchmen. Oh, the bitter tales of unfaithfulness that will be revealed at God's bar! Somebody will have to answer for all these damned souls, and the saloon-keepers, the fathers and mothers who keep their whiskey bottles in the cupboard, the minister who takes a glass on the sly, the church deacon who retails it in his store, the Christian who says there is no harm in moderation: all these will play a prominent part in the Great Final White Throne Trial, when the crowds of poor, lost, deluded drunks shall hear the woeful sentence, "Depart ye cursed into everlasting fire."

Not many days ago, close to the Temple, I saw a crowd on the street. Anxious to learn what had happened, I ran across the road, and there in the centre of the ring, stretched on the ground, was a young man in awful agony. His whole body was distorted. He bit at himself, rolled up his eyes, groaned and writhed till it made me turn away in sheer sickness at such a sight. It required very little insight to see that he had an awful fit, brought on by excess in drinking. Of course the dear fellow was somebody's son, and no doubt some kind mother had for years prayed for him, but he had been caught in the fearful meshes of the liquor net, and will in all probability be destined to a drunkard's hell.

Comrades, officers, soldiers, cannot you do more for the salvation of these drunkards? We have a Drunkards' Home in Toronto, and the sights witnessed there are terrible; but, thank God, out of the 96 women who have found shelter within its walls, 40 have turned out good, one is in Heaven, one in the Training Home being trained for an officer. What blessed news! But there are thousands of drunkards yet who must be saved. Rouse then, and plunge into the seething sea of drunkards and harlots, and do *your part* for their salvation.

HARDY fighting makes hardy soldiers.

* * *

OF course we were always ready to blow our trumpet because we had something to blow about, and we reckoned we could do it better than anyone else.

* * *

WHEN you are roused to preach more positively and aggressively, let your positiveness and aggressiveness be in the increased force of your solemn conviction rather than in the use of denunciatory forms of speech. To be more faithful is not to be more abusive.

Photos!! Photos!!!

The COMMISSIONER will soon be gone, but You can "Secure one of his Photos," Cabinet size, for the small sum of 10 cents.

SONGS

Composed Expressly for the WAR CRY.

1 Those Noisy Army Folks.

BY H. HARRISON, UTTERVILLE.

TUNE—*Ring the bell, watchman.*

ONE bright Sunday morning a few weeks ago,
My poor head was aching, my heart was sad and low;
I heard a drum, and singing—I started to my feet,
And, lo! those noisy Army folks were coming down the street.

CHORUS.

Marching along, they were marching along,
Shouting and singing and playing a song;
A merry lot of soldiers, a noisy, happy throng,
The Army of Salvation folks were marching along.

2ND CHORUS.

Ring the bells, angels, ring, ring the bells,
Jesus has saved me from sin, death, and hell;
My joys they are more than my tongue can ever tell,
So ye angels up in glory will you ring, ring the bells?

My pockets they were empty, my heart was full of sin,
I heard Jesus knocking, I thought I'd let Him in;
And there and then He saved me while kneeling at His feet,
The day those noisy Army folks came singing down the street.

I've given up the smoking and drinking at the bar,
And left the loafers' corner, too — you'll never find me there;
Nor in the den of gamblers — the devil's dark retreat;
I've found those noisy Army folks singing down the street.

My home is bright and cheerful, my soul is full of joy,
I have a peace within me the world can never destroy;
My sins are all forgiven, my Saviour's love is sweet,
I'm glad those noisy Army folks came singing down the street.

You'd better come and join us, we're happy all the day,
We're going home to glory, there's pleasure all the way,
And if you want a pleasant life, a rich and constant treat,
Oh, join those noisy Army folks singing down the street.

And when the battle's ended and when the work is done,
We'll march around the city of the new New Jerusalem;
And somewhere in the company that will together meet,
You'll find those noisy Army folks who sang down the street.

Be ready to help Self-Denial Week.

Soldiers, take notice! "And He saw a certain poor widow casting in thither two mites."—*Luke xxi.* Self-Denial Week is coming.

2 Dying Unforgiven.

BY RACHAEL SCOBELL.

TUNE—*Must I go an empty-handed.*

ALL my time and talents wasted,
Oh, the thought now brings me pain;
I would give my life to Jesus,
Could I live it o'er again.

CHORUS.

Must I die, and unforgiven,
Must I stand in judgment so;
Hear Christ say, "Depart, ye cursed,
Into everlasting woe."

Many times you've call'd, dear Jesus,
Call'd to me from Heaven above,
But I would not heed the message,
And I trampled on Thy love.

Oh, how oft I've heard Thee whisper,
Come, my child and follow Me,
He that saves his life shall lose it,
But I would not yet obey.

Now when called to stand before Thee,
With my sin upon my soul,
Hell will surely be my portion,
While eternal ages roll.

I am dying, Oh Jehovah,
I who trampled on Thy name,
I can see my doom that's waiting,
Oh, I almost feel the flame.

Every parent, every child, everybody do something during Self-Denial Week.

3 Not For a Day.

BY ALEXANDER ALEXANDER.

TUNE—*Tune on the Cross.*

NOT for a day, but for all time,
My soul I know redeemed by Thee;
Not for a day—in heaven's bright clime,
Even time itself no more shall be.

CHORUS.

Not for a day,
For aye, for aye,
For all eternity!
No, not for a day,
For aye and for aye,
For all, for all eternity!

Not for a day—the tie was poor,
A fleeting day could bind and loose;
Not for a day, but to endure,
When time's swift tide no longer flows.

Not for a day, Thy face I'll see,
Who art unchangeable as true;
Not for a day, but still with Thee,
When change like time has vanished too.

Not for a day—I thank Thee, Lord—
Thy precious gift of life shall be
Not for a day! Thy blood was poured
To save me for eternity.

Everybody do something Self-Denial Week.

Self-Denial means giving up something for value or like; learning in have few wants; letting go ALL that you can do without.

4 Onward!

BY CAPT. G. HARRIS.

TUNE—*Rouse, then, soldiers, rally round the banner.*

OH, thou God of all,
At Thy feet we fall,
Yield Thee up our all,
To follow Thee,
We'll obey Thy voice,
Make Thy cross our choice,
Till we last we land in heaven with Thee.

CHORUS.

Rouse, then, soldiers, buckle on the armour,
Onward, forward, still we march along
Singing, praying, and we keep believing
For our main to be a numberless throng.

We will face the foe
As we onward go;
Let the people know
Of His love,
How He died for us,
Old, young, big and small,
And that His blood can make the vilest clean.

When the fight is done,
And the victory won,
We'll behold the Son
On His throne,
Hear Him say "Well done,
Come and take your crown.
Take your place among the blood-washed throng."

Come, poor sinner do,
There is one for you,
If you serve Him true
To the end.
Then He'll take you home,
No more to stay or roam,
But will be forever with the Lord.

Look out! Self-Denial Week October next.

I am able and willing to deny myself to extend God's Kingdom during Self-Denial Week.

5 In Jesus' Care.

GEO. BALLS BRADDOCK.

TUNE—*Joy behold the Saviour. (No. 11 Brass Band Journal.)*

ALL I want I find in Jesus,
Glory full and free;
I will never doubt or distrust Thee,
Keep me close to Thee.

CHORUS.

Keep, oh keep, do Thou protect me,
Keep, oh keep me from all sin;
All my life is at Thy service,
The dying souls of men to win.

(Repeat last two lines.)

Gentle as a lamb to slaughter,
Thou didst go for me;
By Thy grace I'll never falter,
Ever Thine I'll be.

In temptation's darkest moment
Hoop me cling to Thee;
Wearing spotless, blood-washed garments,
Ever Thine I'll be.

Jesus, nothing shall betide me,
While I trust in Thee,
Thou will ever keep and guide me,
Ever Thine I'll be.

My desires are pure and holy,
Desires that's all of Thee;
I will love and serve Thee fully,
Ever Thine I'll be.

"Whatsoever He saith unto you do it!" during Self-Denial Week.

"The Musical Salvationist" for August is going fast. It's a grand number this month and you should not be otherwise, for it has a splendid piece of music from "Canada," by Capt. Wiggins, entitled "All Aboard." Oh, my, you should hear it. Also seven other pages, all superb. Only 15c.

* * *

Every piece where the "H. T. Band" visits, soldiers and others should secure the beautiful "Music Book," which they are selling at less than half price. Don't miss them.

LOOK! LOOK!! LOOK!!!

THE COMMISSIONER'S PHOTO,
ONLY 10 CENTS.

AN ACCORDEON

For Sale at Headquarters, only $1.00 to the First Applicant.

OFFICIAL GAZETTE

PROMOTIONS.

Capt. Hind, late of Peterboro', to be Brigade-Captain.

Cadet Haigh, of Lippincott T. H., to be Lieut. at Galt.

Cadet Kidd, of Ottawa T. H., to be Lieut. at Aylmer.

Cadet Smith, of Stratford, to be Lieut. at Barrie.

Private Mary Stewart, of Simcoe, to be Cadet at Lippincott T. H.

Private Elma Beam, of Mt. Pleasant, to be Cadet at Lippincott T. H.

Private Moses Darnis, of Cornwall, to be Cadet at Yorkville T. H.

Private Wm. Casselman, of Morrisburg, to be Cadet at Yorkville T. H.

MARRIED.

At Lippincott St. barracks, Aug. 19th, by Commissioner, Staff-Capt. Stephen Marshall, of Peterboro' Division, to Cpt. Lucinda Keetch, who came out from Guelph, late of Hamilton I.

T. B. COOMBS,
COMMISSIONER.

Headquarters:
Salvation Temple,
TORONTO, ONT.

Don't forget to see that your Big Bass Drum, Kettle Drum, as well as the Corps' Colors are brought along to the Commissioner's Farewell in Toronto.

PEACE, LOVE AND SALVATION
WAR CRY
SATURDAY, AUGUST 31ST, 1889.

INDIA TO HEAVEN. Our hearts are sad to-day. The last mail from India brings the sorrowful news of the death of one of our noble band of Canadian officers in that country. Capt. Mary McLean has gone to swell the increasing number of Canadian Salvationists around the Throne. We know here has been a glorious life of victory through the Blood, of faithfulness to her Lord and Master, and of death consecration to His service. We know her entrance to the heaven of God has been glorious, also that now she sees Him whom she loved dearer to life, face to face. And yet we should not be human if we did not feel the parting keenly. The continued devotion of our comrade throughout her career has endeared her to all who have known her; her influence lives, and will live, in many memories. Praise the name of our Lord for the fragrance of a holy life. In sickness as well as health this divine fragrance was manifested, and its influence felt by all who came into contact with her. The Lord has given her the desire of her heart, for she gave herself to and for India, for life and death. We bespeak the sympathy and prayers of all our comrades on behalf of the surviving parents and relatives that they may find the gentle soothing balm of the loving heart of Jesus to be "all" in this hour of need.

There will be a gap in the ranks of the warriors here below. Who will volunteer to step into it, even to a "death consecration?"

Week of Self-Denial, Thanksgiving and Prayer

THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

Letter by THE GENERAL to the Officers, Soldiers and Friends of the Salvation Army in Canada and Newfoundland.

MY DEAR COMRADES,—

Last year's Self-Denial Campaign was a triumph beyond all question.

The success was marvellous. The soldiers prayed. Thank God, they are always ready to pray, but that week they prayed more than usual. They praised God—the incense of thanksgiving for the innumerable victories of the past ascended before the Throne continually from multitudes of grateful hearts. There were extra meetings, extra consecrations, extra faith, extra efforts for the salvation of souls, extra conversions, and connected with all, there was extraordinary self-denial, not only in the offerings of money, but of many pleasant and precious things which, taken together, helped us to vigorously push forward the war. It was a time, I believe, that interested the angels, pleased God, and was profitable to men.

It was a Good Week.

The response to our appeal for self-denial was generous and widespread, coming from every country where our flag is flying, and in some countries from almost every corps.

THE OFFICERS GAVE.	THE STRANGERS GAVE.
THE SOLDIERS GAVE.	THE PUBLICANS GAVE.
THE POOR GAVE.	THE ROUGHS AND NOWHERES GAVE.
THE WEALTHY GAVE.	THE POLICE GAVE.
THE CHILDREN GAVE.	THE AUXILIARIES GAVE.

In some Instances even our Enemies Gave.

In fact, there was giving from almost all ranks and conditions of men, and what was more marvellous still, all who gave enjoyed the giving; nay, the more they gave and the more the giving cost them, the more they enjoyed it.

This Self-Denial Week was an Object-Lesson for Christendom. It set the saints an example, it convinced the sinners of our sincerity, the secular Press congratulated us, and many admired the effort who, alas, declined to take part in it. These must have another opportunity.

An effort productive of so much profit could not be otherwise than highly prized, and by common consent and general approval, we purpose, not only to repeat it this year, but to make it an Annual Institution.

Henceforth we shall have

A Yearly Self-Denial Week.

We are led up to this by sheer necessity. With the extension of our battle-field, the need for special financial support becomes greater every day. It must be so. The war that does not require money is no war at all. Against us are arrayed all the powers of hell and earth, with the chief devil of all in command, and no contrivance that can be invented, no economics that can be practiced, and no alliances that can be made will enable us to fight those foes in dead, grim earnest—without money, and a great deal of it.'

Look at the maintenance of the ground already occupied, and consider what it must cost to hold our own. That alone is no child's play. And anyone say whether it is so, who has tried to keep a body of people fighting every day of the week all the year round, in the face of a world's opposition, persecution and scorn.

But when the Countries and Divisions and Cities and Neighborhoods are looked over where our forces have established themselves, it will be seen how few have been the retreats we have been compelled to beat, or the positions we have been driven to surrender.

Then what a development there has been!

Look at Great Britain.

What a wonderful, heavenly gold mine this country has been for the Kingdom of Jesus Christ in connection with this Salvation War! What money has been poured forth! What Officers have been sent out! Governing Officers, Divisional Officers, Business Officers, Spiritual Helps and Husbands for Officers. Officers who have gone forth to fight—nay, who have gone forth to die, and whose very graves cry out to us to push forward the conquest of the people for whom their precious lives were given.

And then, what a wonderful creation there has been of hope, and faith, and love, and goodness, and happiness! If these graces could be weighed, what tons and tons it would amount to; if they could be measured, what miles and miles there would be of them!

But why all this of England? Because this mine has been worked more fully, although far less perfectly than could be desired. Still, the self-denial and perseverance that have been put forth have produced these marvellous results, and where the same labor is applied to other lands, where the same harvest awaits the reaping, the results will be correspondingly wonderful and important.

Then some idea of the progress of the Army may be discovered by looking away from Great Britain over the world.

What an ever reaching out there is to the regions beyond, wherever the Army is found! I thank God for the little contentment there is with successes already attained. Everywhere it is ever

ON, ON, ON.

Let us begin with

FRANCE.

My recent visit was one of the most cheering ever made to any land. The officers, with their spirit and devotion, and resolve to overcome the tremendous obstacles before them, delighted me. The New Hall, in the heart of Paris, the gay, grand, fashionable Paris, together with the crowds that came to the meetings, the conversions, the enthusiasm at the finish, all helped to banish every fear and bring to life new hope—nay, created an indestructible confidence that France shall yet be filled with the salvation of God.

SWITZERLAND.

What could a Government or the very dregs of a people do more to stamp out the Army than has been done in this lovely land, this boasted birthplace and abode of religious freedom? And yet, notwithstanding all, we have forty corps and one hundred and forty officers, increasing at the rate of one-fourth their entire number per annum.

One of the last instances of the Swiss war is interesting. Every twenty-five years a national Vine Growers' Festival is held. The people come in their thousands, a great temple is erected with a throne covered with flowers, and then there are processions, and music, and banners, and shoutings that make the mountains echo.

Two young women as Goddesses ride in the procession, and amidst the crash of music and shouts of the people, are enthroned and crowned by the people. One of these Goddesses selected for the festival which is about to be held has just been captured by the Army, and instead of figuring in this ceremony, is on the site on the Salvation Army platform, and will, as we believe, have a God-honoring, successful and soul-saving career as a salvation officer.

GERMANY.

Here we go on plodding forward. New fields are being entered, the opposition of the authorities is, we think, abating, and by another year we hope to send you glad tidings of victory. Still, notwithstanding all the difficulties, souls are being saved and German officers are being created.

DENMARK.

Here also the authorities are coming to understand us better, and the great expectations cherished from the commencement will, we are quite confident, yet be fully realized.

SWEDEN.

The war in this country goes bravely forward. In a few days I expect to preside over a Council of two hundred officers. Town after town is being attacked, and public sympathy is rapidly rising in our favor. One-third of the officers in this country have at different periods been imprisoned, chiefly for holding meetings after eight o'clock in the evening. On a recent appeal to the throne

The King has Himself Decreed

that this injustice shall cease, that the Army shall be left to hold its meetings at what hour it desires.

NORWAY.

Our advance here has been glorious indeed during the past year. Two large halls have just been purchased in important towns not yet entered, and will be opened in a few weeks.

HOLLAND.

Our progress in this country is almost unparalleled, and has, moreover, been accomplished in the face of difficulties of a very trying character; still, we go forward to greater things.

BELGIUM.

Just entered, has in a Roman Catholic city an audience every night of some eight hundred people. A good band of soldiers have already been created who are in full uniform, with one or two Candidates waiting to be called out.

AMERICA.

Here, State after State has been invaded. The highest judicial authority has just affirmed our right to procession the streets of Chicago. Recruits Homes and Training Garrisons have been established, and a solid progress is being made in the acquisition of officers and the addition of soldiers.

CANADA.

The news of the mighty onward march in your own Canadian borders, in spite of all false representation and slander, has cheered my heart continually, and must, I am sure, be a source of great joy to yourselves and thanksgiving to God.

INDIA.

Here our brave force of heroic officers have fought through the year, nothwithstanding indescribable difficulties, and a steady advance has been made in the number of soldiers, of not only European but native soldiers. Our latest reports bring us tidings of conversions among the Parsees in the face of the bitterest persecutions, and of blessed success amongst the natives of Cuttack, Orissa, being saved through a recent visit of Major Muss Bhai.

SOUTH AFRICA.

In this vast continent the Army marches on. A wonderful Congress has been held in Port Elizabeth, with over one hundred officers present, and over 2500 of debt were cleared in the meetings. Salvation work goes on amongst the Kaffirs, Zulus, and other native races. The Zulu Chief and his wife keep nicely saved in the face of bitter persecution from the Zulu beer-sellers. A publican and gambling horse-racer has just been saved, who has closed his public-house, lent what money he possesses to the Army, and come to England for training, offering the remainder of his life for the work of salvation amongst the Kaffirs.

In Johannesburg, a mining town of the Transvaal, we have already four corps, the natives having recently built a barracks for themselves.

AUSTRALASIA.

In New Zealand our latest Maroi expedition has proved a success, the officers having been received and quartered with one of the principal chiefs. A new plan has been contrived, and is now being worked out for the benefit of the Aborigines of the continent. A new Women's Training Home has just been started, and the Government continues its sympathy towards our Rescue and Prison Brigade Work. In fact, there are signs of progress in all directions.

Of future developments and extensions space prevents my speaking. We cannot much longer hold back from

JAPAN AND SOUTH AMERICA AND SPAIN

and other lands that are clamoring for our help. Officers are already in training for

FINLAND,

where we expect our flag will be hoisted before many weeks have passed. In the very nature of things we must go forward to the uttermost ends of the earth.

And now, my comrades, you will find in the foregoing, I am sure, ample reasons for thanksgiving and abundant topics for prayer, and while we praise Him for what has been done, we must beseech the Throne for still further victory.

To hold our own and advance with greater speed we want more of God, more officers, and more money. For the former you must pray and for the latter we ask again for a week of solid, real, Christlike self-denial.

We Must have Funds.

The work is worthy of assistance. Shall it pause or be crippled as, alas, it has been too much in the past for want of a little money, when the denial of a few luxuries or the endurance of some little inconvenience will furnish it?

This Self-Denial plan is in compliance with the command of God. The very essence of Christianity is self-denial for the good of others, and the Master taught us that there is a kind of faith that goeth forth only by prayer and fasting.

This plan is not only possible to all, but interferes with the support of no other branches of our enterprise. Where is the man, woman or child who cannot, by a little contrivance and self denial, contribute a trifle?

My Canadian Comrades,—

You helped us last year. The results of your self denial went to assist the brave band who are fighting in Germany. We propose to devote the proceeds of your efforts this year to India. The great needs of this dark heathen country are by this time well known to you all, and I am sure the generosity of last year will be surpassed on this occasion.

Surely every corps will be represented, and I cannot believe that there are many soldiers who will pass it by.

Perish the word Foreign amongst us;

We are One Family.

Let us make a stupendous effort together. Let every corps collect, and every soldier contribute, something. You well know how to work the scheme out to a gigantic success.

I commend it to your consideration for your Saviour's sake and for the sake of the perishing millions throughout the globe, and have the fullest confidence in your response.

My precious wife sends her love from her sick chamber. For many a year she has been one with me in every care and purpose which have had to do with the salvation of the world.

Her sickness and suffering have not lessened her love for you or her interest in all that concerns the onward march of the Army; believing as she does that it carries with it blessings for every tribe and nation, and through us she expects and begs every officer and soldier to cheerfully bear his share of the burden of the War.

In hope and trust, believe me, dear comrades, to be,

Your affectionate General,

WILLIAM BOOTH.

THINGS ARE CANNY

— AT —

CANNINGTON.

So Says the "War Cry" Man.

A Good Propeller—Hot Christianity—
A Kind Butcher—What a March!
The Dog Marched—A Deluded
Saint—Judgment Bar Scenes
—Two Happy T.H. Lads.

Right glad was I on a recent Saturday night to board the cars once more for Cannington. Somehow I had a strong appetite to visit this village again, remembering what a real good time I had on my former visit. Of course I had prayed much about it, and so had the local officers, and "victory" was the word which continually rang in my soul as I travelled north. With Jesus as my leader, and His power in my soul as a propeller, I feared very little about the outcome of my visit.

A soldier of the Uxbridge corps travelled with me as far as that town, and good indeed was our talk about God and His salvation war. Then Father Clark's happy face cheered me. Father is a right royal free Methodist, and his theme is holiness. He got on the cars at one of the stations. How good it is to rub up against a hot Christian. Thank God there are still some salt-savory, God-sons and God-women in the world. What a pitable world it would be but for the faithful few. We shall be in the majority by-and-bye, as our Headquarters' Lofius put it in a recent operatic. "You may have the laugh on us now, but we shall have our turn on the Judgment Day." The usual careless, giddy crowd filled the cars, saying so plainly by their actions and look, "Give me the world and its pleasures (?) in preference to Jesus and His salvation."

"Well, the corps is in a better condition than ever it was," said sanguine Captain Gerow, "although there are no soldiers, I and the Lieut. acting as officers, soldiers and all. The butcher supplies all the meat we need, and another person has just started to send us milk," so that altogether the two boys are as happy as chipmunks.

"The only thing we can do in this village is to let our life tell," said the Capt., after a bit more conversation with him, and I echoeared a hearty "Amen."

Some prayer in the quarters and out we go on the side walk in the following order, "Father, Son, Holy Ghost, Wan Carman, his A.D.C., Capt. Gerow, Lieut. White, and the big drum." With such a march of course we woke things up, and with some singing and three short sermons we managed to do something to make the crowd feel there is a God who lives to save even in the dead village of Cannington.

"At Bowmanville it was a hard job to keep humble, but in Cannington it is very easy," said Capt. Gerow in his quaint way. Well, to say the least of it, it is one thing to sing, "I'll stand for Christ alone, but another to do it." Of course I quite agreed with Lieut. White as he said this. I got a taste of what it meant during that Sunday. We could not have public knee-drill or holiness meetings as nobody comes, but we had a march round the village prayer-meeting, afternoon free-and-easy. About thirty people gathered, and a dog walked about among the seats during the meeting. We put the truth plainly to the people, but their hearts were so very hard and indifferent that the truth seemed to take little effect.

Cannington sinners and luke-warm professors will have a great deal to answer for at the Judgment Bar. One dear sister told us that she did not believe one could stand up and say one was saved. This was strange as this very sister had told the people that God had saved her only a few weeks before I was there.

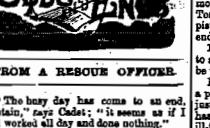
We marched to the number of four at night, two deep, and enjoyed it much. How very near Jesus was in that march. It was so good to be there. About one hundred people had gathered inside the barracks for the night meeting, and a right royal time we had. One brother in his testimony said, "I was so bad that I was just on the border of committing suicide, but God stopped me, and to-night I am blessed-ly saved."

Several of the audience testified, and Capt. Gerow gave out some straight, telling, cutting truths. Lieut. White also warned the people very faithfully, and then the scene of the Great White Throne was brought very vividly before saint and sinner. Oh, how God's spirit rested upon the people. There was no loop-hole of escape, for every soul must have seen his or her correct standing with God Almighty. We prayed, we sang, and did everything in our power to get the people to decide for God and Heaven. For an hour we hung on to God, but the old devil of procrastination was around as usual, and succeeded in playing his cards pretty well, for nobody would give up their sins, and we had to leave them with God, feeling assured that we had warned them faithfully, and that their blood will not be required at our hands. The old, the young, the gay, the proud, heard the message, but rejected it. What will they do in the swellings of Jordan?

Capt. Gerow and Lieut. White (two out and out T.H. lads) are in charge. They have a hard fight, but are so happy and contented in it, and they never give the devil time to get them to think of discouragement.

Yorkville T.H. lads, don't forget to pray for the boys in Cannington, and be true to all you learned while there. God bless you.

READ.



FROM A RESCUE OFFICER.

"The busy day has come to an end, Captain," says Cadet; "it seems as if I had worked all day and done nothing."

"Yes, dear, I feel like that, too, as if it were all odds and ends and nothing to show," answered the Captain, as she took a last look round the little sitting-room, turning down the lamp.

The bright little sitting-room, with its scarlet geraniums and shining texts. A troop of troubled faces come swinging up before our memory—faces of those who have come in at that little door to us for help.

Oh, Jesus! wash our eyes with Thy divine sympathy that we may see clearly to enter into and comprehend the passion of human tragedy of the crowd of fell women who, from time to time have stretched out their hands to us for succor and strength! Once more we see the streaming tears, the broken prayers, wrung from anguish-stricken hearts, faltered out the tangled tale, as we listen, face with them at this little table, where God so often has met us—met with some speechless in an abandonment of grief and comforted and healed them.

Oh, Christ, who are we that people should think they recognize in us the spirit of our Master, who came to minister, not to be ministered to? Fill our hands with bread for this famishing multitude.

One after another lies before us. Here are a few bare facts from the stories of a few of the many who have visited us with tales of sorrow:

1. Poor soul! She comes gasping and sobbing and writhing with pain; she has been fighting with her husband, her ribs are kicked in—broken, her eye almost kicked out. An awful sight! Both have been drinking; she is afraid lest the police should get hold of him or her, so flies to us to protect and hide her.

2. A bloated old pedlar woman, a foul mass of misery, an Irish Roman Catholic. She is very ill she cannot crawl another step. "For the love of our sweet Christ, take her in! Can we let her die on our door step? Sure, and will we go to her priest and get her an order for the hospital and the ambulance?"

3. A stylish lady of society steps daintily down from her polished carriage. She is going away to spend a few weeks at the side of her hotel. She is leaving her house in charge of her servant who was once addicted to drink and she feels a little uneasy about her, but if we will drop in occasionally and see her and write to her if things go wrong it will set her mind at rest.

4. A sick child, tossing wearily on a sleepless bed, sends her little sister for she feels lonely and wants to be sung to.

5. A red eyed man, dazed with grief. "Little Jamie is dead!" just then they thought he was getting better, too. They had set up all night with him and now he was just gone. His mother is nearly frantic with grief, will we go at once and comfort her and see Jamie?

6. An ex-captain, a backslider, awfully miserable; doesn't know what to do with himself; give anything to be back, ashamed to see Commissioner. Will we pray for him?

7. A little woman from the country, strange to city ways. Her brother-in-law has two little sons whom he ill-treats, and beats, and wants to get rid of. She is nearly desperate to think that her dead sister's children should be suffering so, too poor to take them herself. Wants us to go with her to the police court to see if the poor little fellows can be got in some home. Strange and frightened alone.

8. A little black negro girl. She is going to get a "holing" when she goon home; turns up wildly pathetic eyes, filled with enormous tears. She is quite sure her mother will not lick her if we will go with her home.

9. Tall military gentlemen, holds good position in Queen's army. Felt called to join Salvation Army two years ago. Shut his ears, and came away to Canada, getting more miserable all the time. Comes to Toronto nearly desperate, in fact, got a pistol at his hotel, feels like making an end of himself.

10. An elderly lady wants a little girl to adopt. Must belong to nobody, must be well trained, wants her at once.

11. A piteous, white-faced woman, with a purple, half-healed scar on her brow; just come out of hospital. The man she has been living with has many a time ill-treated her cruelly when he was drunk. A couple of weeks ago came home from business and caught her a crack on the skull with his boot-heel. She fainted, and when she came to, alone, found the wound streaming with blood. Then she stumbled in the street and asked hold of a policeman's arm. "Quick, quick, take me to the hospital before I die." There she has lain ever since. She dare not go back to him. She is going to a situation a long way away. But it will be such a relief to her poor, breaking heart if, when she is gone, we would find her little boy, and write and tell her from time to time how he is. But on no account "let on" where she is.

12. A fine tall woman, notoriously bad character, well known to police, been the keeper of a bad house. God has been dealing with her apart from human agency apparently. Conviction grip hold of her. Couldn't sleep at night for praying. Came out to try if she could find some friends who will help her to be good.

13. A young woman with an ugly purpose made around her throat. Last night in the police station she made a determined attempt to hang herself; her poor swollen tongue was lolling out when the policeman came in, just in time, and cut her down. The Judge has sent her to us to see if we can do anything for her. She is out with the sharp handcuffs, and bruised, and weak, and exhausted in body and mind.

14. A rough looking man got saved last night at one of the Army penitent-forms; went home and persuaded a girl in the same house to quit her life of sin. Wants us to come at once and fetch her away to-night.

Stories after stories, tragedy upon tragedy, messages from hospitals, and jail, and police court.

Entreaties to intercede between husbands and wives and parents and children, and servants and mistresses.

Bequests without number.

"I don't care what the church says about the Salvation Army," said a drunken Roman Catholic woman. "The same worship a *Salvationist's Christ* as my priest." We are humbled before God that we should be so honored as to tread in the steps of Calvary's Jesus. We put our hand on our mouth, and our mouth in the dust at the thought that we should be called to follow in the path He trod.

Come see a few of the odds and ends in addition to the ordinary work of the receiving Home.

CADET Z.

KINGSTON KNOTS.

I am beginning to feel my feet again, and right glad I am, I can assure you. Besides having had, as you might well guess, a smell at the war cow myself, I thought I would try my strength first of all Kingston by giving them a Sunday, which I did, and a proper time we had too. By-the-by, I always enjoy myself at Kingston; there are some good long-standing soldiers, and new blood as well, thank God, who know how to pray and fight and make the best of things; in fact, make the Old Man spin with the truth. Hallelujah!

Our holiness meeting was blessed of God, and one soul, seeing her sins and shortcomings in the light of Heaven, came and confessed, and had matters put right between herself and God, and testified publicly of the fact in the afternoon.

The band boys seemed to be doing well. I tell you, "War Cry," we're a wee bit proud of them; they work hard and do what they can to help us till the church stand. We've been trying to get the bandmaster to write you himself and inform you of their doings. Perhaps when he sees this it will refresh his memory.

Capt. Hett and Lieut. Lore we feel well saved and all O. K., with the exception that the Capt. was tired in body, so we made her ease off a little; and I think they ought to do well here now on account of having such a lot of Love. It's a good thing to have in a corps. God bless the Limestone City! Oh, I'm forgetting this. When we came to commence the night meeting we found all the "War Crys" were sold, so the "Little Soldier" came in for a good show. Keep believing, Editor.

In the middle of the week I started off to Camiton, and although short notice, delay of telegram, and other sundry uncontrollable occurrences, everything turned out all right. We had a fair crowd and a good spiritual meeting. David was there and gave us a lift.

I found things improving slowly and surely in the corps, and the quarters weren't looking quite so bare as they were the last time I was there, and everything seemed neat and clean, and best of all, Capt. Patton ensured me of the fact that I was truly saved and was happy in her work. That's the secret, Captain, keep there and you need not fear having victory.

From Canif on I went to Trenton, and some very last while things seem to have a deplorable state, all caused through previous officers' unfaithfulness, but Capt. Evans and Lieut. Baker are going at it in a plucky manner and mean that Jesus shall have the way over in Trenton. The Captain informed me, though, that all their War Cars sell and ordered more. Our meeting was good, God came very near and helped us to deal out the message of love and mercy to be unsaved with power but none surrendered.

Lieut. Stanley has been holding the fort at Sonbury for a few weeks, and while there he turned painter. Seeing the barracks required a fresh coat of paint he rolled up his sleeves and went at it, and I understand he is making a good job of it, and then they still say, "Go and work!"

The announcement of the Commissioner's farewell is causing consternation in the camp down this way. I think I heard a man Lieutenant say the other day (I won't be quite sure, though) that when he was a little girl he was very, so if it makes the men cry what about the women? I think I'm pretty well right in saying it was a man, Mr. Editor. Well, it only goes to show what a good place our beloved leader hold in this dear heart of mine! I think he only speaks the sentiments and feelings of hundreds of others in telling it out. God bless him! More next time.

W. WOOLLEY.

My Hundredth Birthday:

OR,

GRANDMAMMA FUARE.

(From "All the World.")

When I was a young girly - Ah! that was a long time ago!

Eighty-five years ago, my darling, eighty-five years ago! I was a lively young girl then, of fifteen, up to all sorts of fun, and first in all the dances.

I never thought I should live to be a hundred, and have my picture in "All the World."

There was no "All the World" or "War Cry," you know, when I was fifteen, because I was born on April 8th, 1768—a hundred years ago! And I wasn't a Salvationist then, because there were no Salvationists where I lived, in France, you know: and I wasn't saved, but I'm saved now, and a Salvationist. Bless the Lord for that!

In spite of all my laughing, and lightness, and love of dancing, and wearing ribbons, and pretty things, and going to fetes, there was always a longing in my heart after God, and better things.

Ah! my dear, as I think over all that time, so many years ago, and feel what a change there is in me, as I sit at the corner of the fire, or at my window in my little house in the department of the Drome in France, and read the Bible or the "War Cry," or sing out of the "Salvation Soldiers' Song Book," I am so thankful to the Lord for His Salvation Army that He has sent in order to save all the young girls and lads.

I often had wondered why the Lord left me so long on the earth, but now I know the reason why—it was that I might belong to the Army of the Lord down here, and learn to sing Hallelujah, before I joined the ransomed host above. Ah! my dear, it's nice to be saved when you're young, but you don't know what a privilege it is to be saved when you're old!

On my last birthday, April 8th, when I was a hundred years old, I had a birthday party. Two hundred and eighty people came to my birthday party, and I told them how good the Lord had been to me, and how He had saved my soul, and they told what the Lord had done for them, and we sang a hymn of my own composing, and were very happy, and the Lord saved three souls who there cried to Him. Oh, how glad I was! and how I praised God for giving me such a beautiful birthday present.

I was very happy in Frenchmen, you know, my dear, but that doesn't make a mite of difference to the Lord. He understands French just as well as English, and helps me in all kinds of little things. I can still see to sew, and can even to thread the needle, so when I say to the Saviour, "Please thread my needle," the needle is threaded. Sometimes it seems to me that I'm already in heaven, the Lord is so near; and I have been very near to Him.

I think I was telling you that I was not saved when I was young. No; I went on and got married and we kept an inn, me and my husband. I was forty-seven, and then we both got saved, within two days of each other, by means of an evangelist who passed along our way.

Then we thought we ought to give up keeping an inn, and so we did, because if we didn't put our own souls in danger, we put our neighbors' souls in danger.

I used to tell people how I loved the Lord and how He had washed away all my sins and saved my soul, but when I asked them, if they were saved, they seemed to think I'd better mind my own business, and that they know better than me, and perhaps they did know the Bible better than me, but they weren't so happy and didn't seem to like to praise the Lord and talk about His goodness to them.

The Saviour was very good to me at this time, and revealed Himself to me in dreams. One night I dreamt that I was walking across a very difficult road full of quagmires and pitfalls, quite impracticable. Just when I was despairing of ever getting across, the Lord appeared at my side, took me in His arms, carried me over and placed me in the shade of a tree on the other side. Another time, He pressed me to His heart with such tenderness, that afterwards in my darkest moments, the thought of it was enough to fill me with joy and peace.

Ah, my dear, I've lived in troublous times! I was born a year before the great French revolution; there was no justice or safety for anyone, and nobody can tell how dreadful it was. But the Lord has carried me across, and now I'm resting in the shadow of His love, waiting for my last birthday; when I shall be born into Glory.

The storms of my life are over, and I shall soon go away to be with the Lord, which is far better.

If you only know, my dear, what the Salvation Army has been to me you wouldn't make light of it. It was like a new birthday to me, it was like a light rising in the darkness. I had got low in my soul; there was no one who loved the Lord very much and the fire of love had burnt down low in my heart, so that I didn't care to speak of the Saviour, or sing, or pray like I did when I was first saved. At last, at last, I heard of the Army was from people who spoke against it; but when I went to see for myself, the Lord blessed me more than ever than I'd been blessed in times gone by; it all came back to me stronger than ever, the Lord revealed Himself to me more beautiful than in times past. I loved Him with all my heart and soul and strength, and I longed for every one to be saved. Ah! my dear, I'm a hundred years old, but the Lord has given me His Spirit, and I can keep on praying that souls may be saved and that His kingdom may come, and His will be done all over the world.

GRANDMAMMA FUARE.

MOTHER!

Mid life's commotions—dismal fears—
Hid cares and woes, and floods of tears,
How sweetly breaks upon the ear
Some word of comfort or of cheer!
Yet of our friends there's not another
Who speaks as gently as our mother.

Here disappointments crowd each day,
Our brightest hopes soon fade away,
And friends long trusted oft deceive;
Hence we distrust, and know not whom to believe;
Yet, though we fear to trust each other,
We're not afraid to trust our mother.

Yet here where there's so much deceit,
Some friends we have we love to meet,
There's love we know that will endure,
Not sordid, selfish, but all pure;
But though beloved by sister, brother,
There's none that love us like our mother.

Among the names to mortals given,
There's none like mother, home and heaven;
For home's no home without her care;
And heaven, we know she will be there;
Then let us, while we love each other,
Remember and be kind to mother.

HOME AND MOTHER

A book lies open on the table at these emphatic words, "No influence in the universe contributes so much toward guiding immortal souls heavenward as the home and the mother. Is that so?

A picture that we had seen whilst visiting floated vividly before our minds. A little way off one of the larger streets of Toronto, we had often noticed the picturesque homelike effects of a small one-storey row of wooden houses, half overgrown with flowery creepers.

We had a message from a woman in jail to her sister in one of these, but the front was all shut and bolted, so we went through palings and garden-path to the back door.

"Is mother in?" we asked a skeleton child, with one thin garment over its diminutive body. A nod of the tangled head, and a finger pointed solemnly to the door, but no words. Masses of dog-daisies turned up white silent faces to us, spreading over the hours of the day, a fitting of sweet charity, hiding a multitude of sins. Curiously alike, the expressions of the pale daisies and the wistful child! Had the power of speech been shocked away from them too? Then we stumbled up the broken steps of the lean-to, with a sense of sick horror deepening as we crept from dark to darker room. Widows closed, shutters fastened, with here and there one longer finger of light through a chink pointing out the way.

Surely this must be a tomb! But what words can describe the accumulation of horrid disorder walled in under the sunny sky. The foul atmosphere; the rotting heaps of rags and refuse; the tubs of black water with floating rags; the washed-out half-eaten meal, the table set a week ago, and still there, the broken china, the charred and blistered paint, the blackened wood.

Is that the mother the fountain-head of the home? Oh! here she is! and the babe at her breast, both immovable, inanimate, apparently. Is she dead? No, only drunk.

Wife, mother, see your babe, its little face is dark with flies; they are creeping in its tiny eyes and ears!

Alas! child and mother are both too stupified with drink to be conscious of the swarm of flies around them, or of anything else. Dead drunk.

Sick and faint with pain and distress, we creep away again.

"She's been drinking for more than a week," shouts a neighbor from the wash-tub.

This is the sore of home the devil loves to see, no doubt, and "What is home without a mother?" There stood the little child among the daisies, silent still, and we were speechless too, for what could we do but pray?

CADET K.

Receiving Home Notes.

"Lord, speak to me that I may speak
In living echoes of Thy tone;
As Thou hast sought so let me seek
Thy children lost and woe.

"Oh, use me, Lord, use even me,
Just as Thou wilt and when and where,
Until Thy blessed face I see,
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share."

* * *

Oh, what honor is mine! Co-worker with Jesus, my Lord.

* * *

Some of our dear women wept their way to Jesus at the camp meeting last Sunday. The change was very beneficial to them. Especially did they appreciate the music of the H. T. B., as, at the Commissioner's request, they played for us during dinner. It was a foretaste of heaven. May they all enjoy the music at the Royal Marriage Supper of the Lamb.

* * *

"We'll all gather home in the morning,
At the sound of the great jubilee;
We shall meet with our dear Redeemer,
What a meeting that will be."

* * *

I was much interested in the testimony of a converted drunkard the other night who said that when he was in drink he met Christian people and they pitied him; but the simple S. A. showed him the way to the Cross, where all his sins were washed away. The Lord has taught us how to win by coming down to those who have been bound low by the chains and fetters of drunkenness and vice, by bringing us in touch with them—His sympathetic nature imparted to us. Hallelujah!

* * *

One with my Lord, with His toil and His care
In seeking and saving the lost,
Remembering when looking on those in despair,
How to save them His life-blood it cost.

* * *

WHAT IS THE DIFFERENCE?—One, a lady (as so-called), very expensively attired, standing beside a well dressed man before the bar in a brilliantly lighted hall, holding in her jewelled hand the sparkling glass. All was bright and beautiful I could see by a passing glance, showing that no pains had been spared to entice.

As she stood there, a woman who might have been the queen of any home, my heart ached for her as I turned to another scene. This time it was different, so dark, for the absence of the bright attractive hall is the city patrol. There, guarded by two officers of the law, sits a woman, forty, degraded, scarcely sufficient clothes to cover her, hair disheveled, her poor face marred and bruised; a poor despised outcast, an object of pity to some and scorn to many, who turn their heads to look after her as the patrol rattles over the block and street.

What has brought her to this? Drink! Drink!! Drink!!! To morrow, among many others, she hears from the lips of the magistrate her sentence, "One dollar and costs or thirty days." Failing to pay her fine she is "sent down," no notice being taken of her protests that she "was not drunk." Only a glass or two, but cannot account for the black eye and bruises. "The "black maria" conveys her over the Don, there to drag out a miserable thirty days, watching eagerly for the morning when she will be at liberty to get more drink to satisfy the burning craving within only to have this experience repeated.

In the eyes of the world such a difference. One may take her place in society, the other finds it so hard to rise if she has any desire to do so, with the stigma resting upon her—"been in jail." But in the eyes of the great Judge of all there is no difference; both, unless repentant and washed in the blood of Jesus, are under the sentence, "No drunkard shall enter the kingdom of heaven."

* * *

In our Receiving Home we are trying to help, and, bless God, some are willing to be saved. I am glad I belong to the "Ready to help brigade."

BLANCHE J. GODBLE, R. H. S.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.]

Around the open grave, although few in number, we had a victorious time. Each of the Canadian lads were present, and we gave our testimonies to the blessings and good received through our departed comrade. Staff-Capt. Mukt Anand (editor of the "War Cry") also spoke forcibly, and as we laid our comrade's remains beneath the sod, in the sure and certain hope of meeting her again, we again made it a special consecrating time. Sewree is a beautiful spot, and our dear sister comrade's remains lie in close proximity to Mrs. Tucker's, Colonel Weerasoorya and Staff-Capt. Mrs. Himmat Singh's remains.

This is one link to bind us nearer the Cross—nearer the fighting—and makes India more dearer than before, and her memory serves as fuel to send us speeding away towards the salvation of these dear, dark people. Our lives are given for them, and for them we wil die—at our post.

The life of Capt. McLean appeared in a detailed form in the March number of "All the World," so that our readers who possess a copy of this will read it with great interest, as it gives a good idea of what her early life really was.

Will all our comrades pray much for her parents and friends that God will be very precious to them in this time of bereavement and loss.

There will be over 200 drums on the Marches in Toronto during the Commissioner's Farewell Meetings.

THAT WEDDING!

Staff-Capt. Steve Marshall

— MARRIES —

Capt. Lucinda Keetch.

OF course the soldiers of the Lippincott St. corps in particular, and Army folks in general, were not a little surprised when it eked out that their old comrade, Capt. Keetch, was to be married, and that to a Staff-Captain.

Aunty had sent along a rocking-chair as a present to her late Captain, and this chair was well monopolised by the Commissioner.

On the arrival of the march the whole building seemed full of salvation merriment, the surface smiles on the soldiers' faces being so real, and showing such depths of Divine reality. All seemed on the *qui vive* of expectation and a real good time was put in at this wedding service.

During the singing of the first song the eyes of those on the platform were turned towards the aisle, up which came Staff-Capt. Read and the bride, followed by D. O. Marshall (the bridegroom) and Capt. Glass.

"I wonder which couple it is," was a very laughable remark. "Surely it is not Capt. Read," said another.

Well, all these uncertainties soon vanished, for from seat to seat was passed the word, "It is D. O. Marshall." There was a tremendous volley as the two couples took their places on the platform.

After prayer by Mr. Keetch, the bride's father, one rapturous chorus after another thrilled our very souls, such as, "I'm kneeling at the Cross," "Now it comes o'er my soul like a wave." The Commissioner prayed: "We thank Thee Lord that there are other hearts here who would rather have no meeting at all, but for the extension of Thy kingdom and Thy glory." Col. Bailey prayed next.

Capt. Keetch's song, "Blessedly saved," took well hold, after which Commissioner called for a few short testimonies, and we got them, too. Mother Florence, Brother Palmer, Happy Jimmy, and lots of others poured out their souls in gratitude to God. When the chorus, "Jesus is coming in the camp," was started everything reached boiling point. "You can't go to heaven in an easy chair," soloed the Commissioner touching the rocking chair as he did so, "that is if you sit in it all the time," he continued.

The Rev. Mr. Salmon read from the 23rd Psalm. He told a little instance of the grand opportunity God had given him to tell a crowd of men something of the "new birth." Then in commenting on the Psalm, he said:—

"It is so blessed to have the Lord with you, whether on the wedding night or on the funeral night. Some cups are running over here to-night; the only thing that blesses humanity is the overflow of our own souls. I like to tell Jesus all the time, 'Lord, I abide in Thee.'"

At this juncture the Commissioner called Capt. Hind to the platform and promoted her to the rank of Brigade-Captain. She is to be appointed to a Training Depot. In a few pointed and earnest words she told of her willingness to be used by God in any part of the great war.

Mr. Keetch liked to see people happy. He said: "After fifty years in God's service I am pleased with the wages. I was married three times, if you please; first to Jesus, then He gave me a bonny wife, and I am still married to Christ. I do love to hear these boys blowing music for God. Thirty-four years ago I came to Toronto with only $5 in my pocket, but I had five beautiful children. I trained them for God and heaven. I had a praying father and a shouting mother. The secret of all this is, 'My father is dead but his prayers aint.' God will bless my children and my children's children. All my family is saved. When God converted me He converted my legs, and I can jump; and my hands, and I can clap them; and my tongue, and I can shout "Hallelujah!" Bro. Keetch is really a happy old Methodistic Salvationist.

Among other things the Commissioner said:—

"I feel greatly interested in this union, not that I have made the match, but because I believe the bride and bridegroom will be great helps to each other. Nothing pleases the devil more than to get people unequally joined together. I am also glad that one of my staff is interested in this wedding, and as a body I can say that the whole staff are full of devotion to God's interests and God's kingdom. There is nothing in the world like a real Salvationist, I mean those soldiers who have some heart in them. True Salvationists don't grumble."

Then he read the articles of marriage, and the Rev. Mr. Salmon pronounced Steve and Lou as man and wife amid much rejoicing.

Mrs. Marshall gave a grand testimony, followed by her husband, who, in his quaint way, said:—

"It gives me great pleasure to be here on this occasion." Of course this caused a little fun and laughter, which increased as he continued by saying, "A person who was not glad to be at his own wedding must be very mean." He then told of the wonderful way in which he had learned to follow the dictates of the Holy Spirit in every detail of his life, and finished up by planting a kiss on his wife's cheek.

The Commissioner closed by singing, "There'll be no rest in hell," a solemn chorus, which must have gripped the hearts of the sinners who had witnessed this happy ceremony.

"The prettiest wedding I have ever witnessed," said a brother, and one and all heartily join in wishing Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Marshall every success in the war.

VERY URGENT!

TO OUR TORONTO FRIENDS.

We shall need Billets for nearly 500 Officers who are coming to the City to take part in the Great Farewell Meetings. Will all our City Friends who can take two or more, write immediately either to Headquarters, or to Major Margetts, Ulster Street, Toronto. This is very urgent! "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto Me." This will Jesus say at the Reckoning Day.

VERY URGENT!

TO OFFICERS!

If any Officers have friends in Toronto where they can stay during the Big Farewell Meetings, will they write immediately either to Headquarters, or to Major Margetts, Ulster Street, Toronto, so that we can arrange billets accordingly.

WAR NOTES

"Hear ye the battle cry! Forward! the call,
See, see the faltering ones, backward they fall;
Surely my Jesus may depend on me,
Though but an armour bearer I may be."

* * *

By the time this CRY is issued the Commissioner will have said "Good-byes" to his Eastern officers, soldiers and friends. Look out next week for an account of his meetings.

* * *

That hallelujah wedding was a first-class time, and although the heat was almost unbearable, yet Steve looked cool amid it all, and if our readers will peruse the report on another page they will see how things went off.

* * *

By the bye, the Commissioner hinted that there were to be two other weddings during his farewell in Toronto. Some say the "War Scribe" is mixed up in this business. Well, say away, but I say "God bless the two happy couples whoever they are." Come along to the meetings and see them.

* * *

I have just received a post-card from one of the Canadian H. T. B. boys. Here is a sentence from it. "Our band is a praying band as well as a playing one, and this is why we are gaining victory." Crowds of people have attended their meetings. See the maiden report in this issue.

* * *

The spirit of the Lord took hold of a well dressed young man, during one of our recent Headquarters' noon open-air meetings. He gripped a captain's hand saying, "I shall be damned and lost if I don't quit the drink." God is blessing us much in these little meetings.

* * *

"If you people don't believe what I say, there is the name of my boss, go and see him." So said Cymbal Bill as he stood in his rig testifying for Jesus at one of these open-airs. He pointed to the name on the rig as he spoke. Surely this is very practical salvation. It is no wonder the crowd clapped their hands.

* * *

Dear Captain McLean, one of the Canadian Twenty, has joined the ranks of the glorified. Of course she has received a right royal welcome at the hand of all our other promoted warriors. Heaven is just as near to India as to Canada. Capt. Clipperton's little "Bertie Wyse" has also gone to heaven, and Mrs. Clipperton needs the prayers of all her comrades.

* * *

"Make it very urgent," said the Chief. He referred to the announcement re "Billets for officers during the big farewell meetings in the city." Will our city friends come forward to our help in this matter? Don't forget to read the notice.

* * *

I really can't imagine why so many Salvationists, both officers and soldiers, can sing our beautiful choruses of fighting and consecration, and yet amid it all, and in the very din of the battle, be found asleep while on duty. In Napoleon's army this crime merited death. What does it merit in the Army of the King of Kings? Face it and answer it.

* * *

Mrs. Staff-Capt. Southall is in Toronto, enjoying a much needed rest. Capt. Ada Hind, one of our first Canadian officers, was promoted to the rank of "Brigade-Captain" during the recent wedding of D. O. Marshall and Captain Keetch. She is to be appointed to a Training Depot where we feel confident that God will enable her to do great things in the important line of training officers.

* * *

Another stenographer has arrived at Headquarters in the person of Cadet [illegible] Lemon. We welcome her and pray that God will enable her to do her share in pushing the war as she daily sits at her writing machine.

* * *

A great Summer Carnival has recently been held in Hamilton, and while all the worldly display was going on D. O. Swa[illegible]man was leading a huge "Salvation Carnival" which attracted great numbers. No doubt we shall hear from the D. O. soon as to the success of these meetings.

* * *

Staff-Capt. Bolton writes to say that his excursion to Walpole Island was a tremendous success. Four hundred happy people boarded the fine steamer, City of Chatham, and the Indians were delighted. Hundreds of people welcomed the steamer home at night. By the bye, Alec's father is much better. Fire a volley!

* * *

I learned from the WAR CRY man that he will visit Paris Saturday and Sunday, September 7th and 8th, and he is praying for a Great Spiritual Explosion on these days. Paris soldiers, pray for a big time in the soul saving line.

WAR SCRIBE.

NOW'S YOUR CHANCE!

We have in Stock several Bound Volumes of "All the World" for 1888. They are really exquisite, and those needing them, will have to hurry up. First come, first serve.

JUST ARRIVED!

The "Musical Salvationist" for August.

CONTAINING:

1. "Oh, what shall I say to my God?" 2. "I hate the devil, and the devil hates me." 3. "Tell Jesus everything." 4. "The Blood avails for me." 5. "Trusting Jesus now." 6. "Trust in Jesus every day." 7. "He called me out of darkness." 8. "All aboard."

To be Obtained from Headquarters, 15 Cents Post Free.

Now Ready. Splendid

NEW PHOTOGRAPHS

— OF THE —

Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs.

Separate pictures—½ figure, extra large, 8x10 inches. 50 Cents each.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.

RESCUE HOME.

A Friend, Fort Erie, $1.00; A Soldier, Portage la Prairie, $1.00; A Friend, Berlin, $1.00; A. Aikins, Merriton, $1.00; Mr. Lane, Barrie, $2.00; Miss E. A. Macdonald, "Oaklands," $2.00; Captain Lack, Stratford, $4.00; M. F. B., Lachute, $1.00; Friends on the Camp Grounds, $5.00; W. Bowes, Thornhill, 80 cents; Friend, Box of Biscuits.

DRUNKARD'S HOME.

Staff-Capt. Marshall, 50 cents; Mr. Bersis, Windsor, Ont., $2.00; Bro. Carpenter, Cherries; Mr. Pierce, Queen Street, Meat; Mr. Symons, Yonge Street, Meat; Mr. Norris, Yonge Street, Meat; Mr. Crelock, St. Patrick's Market, Meat; Mr. Devner, " " "; Mr. Herson, Church Street, Meat; Mr. Danty, Church Street, Meat; Mr. Robt. Lloyd, Yonge Street, Confectionery; Mr. R. J. Lloyd, Yonge Street, Confectionery; Mr. Rathven, Buns; Mr. Taylor, Queen Street, Confectionery, Bread; Mr. Schmidt, " " "; Mrs. Matheson, Sausages and Butter; Friends, Malvern, Fruit; Mrs. Appleyard, Orillia, Rhubarb; Mrs. Collins, Butter, Bread, Puddings, Pies, Watermelon; Mr. Beatty, 185 Jarvis St., Tea, etc.; A Sympathiser, $5.00.

FRENCH WORK.

(For St. John's, P.Q.)

A Friend, Dorchester, N.B., per Staff-Capt. Simco, $5.00.

THE STATE OF THE ARMY

Around Peterborough.

DEAR "WAR CRY":

I have often thought I would like to know something more about the workings of your Army and how they do things generally, so I have had my desire granted. I happened to be visiting up in Peterboro, and being acquainted with the D. O. he kindly asked me if I would like to take a trip with him around his Division, he knowing that I was in full sympathy with the Army; so off we start for a thirty-six mile drive to Warkworth, where the first meetings are arranged. The place is not very large, but my word they have a corps here. We had a nicely filled building and the platform full of men and women, and nearly all in uniform, and they can tell what God has done for them. The meeting was a free one, and put one very much in mind of the kind we used to have when I was among the Ranters. Keep to your knees, brethren, and you will have the town.

The next day was spent in visiting farmers in the country, and next night a soldiers' meeting. I do like this straight dealing you Army folks give; you know we folks dare not (I am a Methodist). At the close two brothers, who have not been on speaking terms, were interviewed by the D. O., and after a good long time he succeeded in getting them to ask each other's forgiveness and shake hands, and then we went down on our knees and I prayed, and then each brother prayed for the other one. Oh, hallelujah! how God did bless us. That's it, brethren, get wrongs put right and then God will work.

After sixteen more miles we are in Brighton. Here we met with an accident, but no one was hurt; only the war horse lost some skin off his nose, and a kind brother took us in, fed our horse, and gave us our dinner. In the afternoon we drove down to Bro. Blakley's, where we made our home, and I guess they won't forget our visit.

We were met at night by the Cobourg Brass Band. The town was all alive. Had a beautiful meeting, but there is room for a little more freedom and liberty here. You know I am a Ranter. I like life. (You will excuse me, won't you, if I am a little blunt.) As the D.O. drew the meeting to a close, there was an old man, 70 years of age, came trembling to the penitent bench. I am glad the Army has not resorted to the enquiry room business yet. I trust they never will. Stick to the old fashioned way. "Can a man be born again when he is old?" In the S. A. he can. So it was proved in this case, and we gave God all the glory.

All day Sunday the meetings were grand. We had the Town Hall in the afternoon and evening. A good crowd in the afternoon and a full time at night was the order. Truly the good wine was kept until the last of the feast. The hall was full. There must have been five hundred people present. The church people came in large numbers, and the minister as well. The meeting was a powerful one, and as the D. O. drew in the ne[illegible] he drew two full grown fishes, and as he placed them at the form they broke down, and soon got their liberty. Then there was a time of shouting and singing, and some even danced for joy over the prodigals' return. This ended our stay in Brighton, and we left the next day for Port Hope, feeling there were grand times in store for this corps.

We called in at Cobourg on our road, and found Capt. and Mrs. Mutton and babies all lively and well, and on we went for Port Hope. The fight is a little difficult here. For several reasons the devil is doing his utmost in the shape of a few professors, who have made up their minds to hinder the Army's progress, but there was a good crowd in the open-air, and gave grand attention, and a fair crowd followed to the hall. We had a real good meeting, but no visible results. Keep pegging away, comrades. Victory will come and your reward is sure.

Another nice drive of two hours brings us to Millbrook. Although the middle of harvest and everybody busy we had a splendid crowd, and everything was in apple-pie order. They have the right ring about them here, and they do go in for souls. The meeting was grand. Enrolled four soldiers. I do like the way they come. Under the rules they cannot get in without knowing what they are doing, and as they repeated the vow after the D. O. it was grand the way they spoke out. We caught three more good fish here, and three more nibbled hard, but the devil would not let them swallow it. They have a grand outpost from here called Manvers. The drive was pleasant and the meeting was glorious, and the D. O. enrolled twenty-four more soldiers. They are digesting the rules splendidly, and seem to think it a privilege to join the Salvation Army; and so they should, for as I told them that the Army is the only people to-day who live up to their rules, and I believe if I was staying in this country I would join you myself.

We next call at Peterboro', and the D.O. spends his time until late at night, or rather early in the morning, over his books in the office, and next day off to Omemee. (I am inclined to think, from what I have seen with my own eyes, that these officers have not a very easy time of it; at any rate, I would not care about following it up like this. I didn't tell them so.)

We got into Omemee on Saturday night. A good crowd and good meeting. Enrolled ten more soldiers. The corps here is a splendid one. Meetings all day Sunday all that could be desired, and as the D. O. was dealing with them about deciding for eternity, five men and women came out and kneeled down and professed to find pardon. I would like to describe them, but space will not permit; but one thing is sure they were rightly dealt with. One man pulled out his pipe and smashed it on the floor, and then out came his tobacco, and soon liberty came. Hallelujah to Jesus for what sights I have seen. We saw eleven souls saved and thirty-eight soldiers enrolled. I thought a good deal of the Army before, but I think more of it now than ever. At several places we stopped at the quarters, and I saw how they lived, and I am more than ever convinced that God is with this movement, and I say from my heart "God bless the S. A."

BRO. TAYLOR.

An Open-Air Sketch.

A curiously shaped open place where five roads met in the heart of a small Canadian town, on one side three hotels standing respectively on three corners in a semi-circle, a narrow wooden pavement connecting two of the buildings; an Army open-air going on within the crescent. Such was the scene through which poor Mattie stole, jug in hand, one miserable evening. She could withstand the burning craving for drink no longer, but hovered on the outskirts of the ring for a moment or two ere making her way to the nearest hotel.

"Their eyes are closed, now is your time," whispered her shadowy attendant, Worldly Respectability, shivering under his last remaining rags. "Nobody will know but that you are going to buy a drop of milk for the children's supper. You must invent some fresh excuse this evening; the bar-tender smiled in a horribly knowing fashion the last time you spoke of your 'weak turns.'" Poor beggarly respectability dreaded total extinction should Mattie yield to her thirst in the bar-room, and go reeling home before the hundred-eyed, thousand-tongued public of whom he stood in slavish fear. She was already almost beyond his control. Supposing she fell on the way back and was picked up by some watchful policeman, only to be promptly conveyed to the station to spend the night.

Then everybody would know, and none of Uncle Dick's promised wealth would ever fall to Mattie's share. Worldly respectability always hugged his rags complacently when he thought of Uncle Dick, and a possibly brighter future when his gold should conceal Mattie's weakness from that Argus-eyed monster. This day dream was an unfailing source of satisfaction to his hungry soul, starved as it was, by the deprivation of many a former luxury. Things were growing desperate. Latterly the very house in which Mattie lived was beginning to testify to her manner of life. The rooms once so tidy and comfortable, now presented a dusty, woebegone appearance; their furniture was scattered and broken, while in the front parlor in the middle of the floor was a large, ominous, discolored patch on the carpet. Chance visitors were beginning to look suspicious; their half-curious wandering glances froze the very marrow in the uneasy spirit's bones, if we may use such an expression to convey his dread, lest the sum-total, "a drunkard's home" should prove the result of their unwelcome scrutiny.

To come back to our sketch—As Mattie crept past the ring a shot struck her, penetrating to her heart. Somebody in a red jersey was actually thanking God for having taken away all desire for drink from him. Now he prays that the same blessed freedom may come to some other fettered soul that evening. In an agony of conviction she listens in spite of the pale shadow's angry whisper, "Go on, go on, somebody will be taking you for a drunkard, too."

"And so I am," muttered Mattie between her teeth, flinging away from her at once and forever her former tyrant. "And so I am," she repeated defiantly as he slunk off; "just a poor, sinful, drunken woman. May God forgive me and save my wretched soul."

Could that prayer be answered? Would God really uproot from her nature the desire for strong drink? It would be easy to be good then; she knew it would.

"Are you willing to part with the desire?" thundered out conscience.

Mattie tottered home to consider the question with an empty jug, but a full heart.

It was all settled in a few days, drink and sin must go. She was converted in the Army, and became a devoted soldier. Home underwent an immediate transformation. Dust and untidiness were expelled with an unsparing hand; everything was diligently brushed, scoured or cleaned. Nothing short of immaculate purity satisfied Mattie. Her husband greatly resented the change, preferring Mattie the drunkard to Mattie the Salvationist. He betook himself finally to a wandering life, and for many a long month his wife neither saw or heard anything of him.

One day rich Uncle Dick paid Mattie an approving visit.

"You are well rid of that drunken sot who was fast making you as bad as himself. I have come to take you and the bairns to live with me. Pack up and come along. But I tell you what, Mattie, you'll promise to leave that ridiculous Salvation Army behind you."

Such was the substance of Uncle Dick's speech. Close behind him stalked Mr. Worldly Respectability looking quite sleek and smiling again—catching a glimpse of white robed, pure-eyed salvation behind Mattie, however, he beats an uncomfortable retreat.

For a moment Mattie covered her eyes. It was a temptation. Hard work no longer, but ease and comfort henceforth, both for herself and her children. She saw it clearly—saw also the awful consequences of one act of disobedience to the God who had saved her from that overpowering desire for drink—

"Never, uncle," she said resolutely. "God has saved me in the Army from a drunkard's vile life and miserable death. He has put me in it, I'm His soldier and dare not desert. He will take care of me and mine."

The uncle left her in anger; nor did he renew his proposal. Mattie got employment and was able to provide comfortably for her children. She was a most diligent soldier in her corps, but a drunkard had always the first claim upon her heart. One poor old woman who had seemed a hopeless case of drunkenness, she took into her home, fed and clothed her, even kept her to live with her entirely, until at last she had the unspeakable joy of leading her to Jesus.

After a year or so her husband returned utterly broken down in health—a poor shattered wreck. Lovingly was he welcomed into the cosy little home, and tenderly was he cared for.

Mattie said after all was over, "He came home to die. I worked with him, and I prayed with him; at last he got converted and died happy."

The burden of her children's souls pressed heavily upon her. In vain did she try to rouse them to a sense of their need of salvation. "I used to sing them asleep when they were babies," she said mournfully on one occasion, "and now I often wish I could sing them awake."

Since then they have both been convicted, perhaps, have ere this, opened their eyes to the light of the day, even Jesus.

M. S. NEAL.

"H. Q."

Every officer should have a list of all the names and addresses of those who take "All the World" regular in each corps, so that when they change stations the next officer will have no difficulty in finding out who takes them. Each new subscriber should be added to the list. This would prevent all those people being deprived of it who commenced to take it in the previous officer's command.

* * *

Most corps are all the time increasing their orders for them, but a few have lately lowered them on taking charge of new corps, saying they could not sell so many. This we cannot understand, as the previous officers sold them, and were even increasing them all the time, the demand was so great. Now, what are those 10, 20 30 people to do who cannot get it? Have they all left the town or city?

* * *

There are a few cases where officers have utterly failed to remit cash for the previous months, and so disappointed every subscriber by not receiving the following number of "All the World." This must be neglect, and it certainly does the officers no good amongst the people they are working.

* * *

It's a known fact that "All the World" is a great spiritual boon wherever it is read. Every corps must be the better for it. Officers, soldiers and friends all over acknowledge this fact. Whole corps have been known to grow spiritually and become better working men and women. Firm friends have also been made for God and the Army by it.

* * *

"Hampton, N. B."—A friend from this place writes to say "All the World" is not obtained here. He is anxious to have it regular, and had to send to Headquarters to get it. There are no doubt many cases like this. If officers would only see to it and have a few on hand to supply every month how much better it would be!

* * *

Most officers can receive help in pushing it. No one seems ashamed to take it, even in places where they don't care for the "Cry." Why not have some one to go round with it to the rich people who don't come to the meetings. It's just the very thing for them. Let them see what the great S. A. is doing in all parts of the world, then they may pay you a visit and give some practical help too. Try it.

* * *

Officers who are pushed for time (as most of them are) can make some one "All the World" sergeant, to assist in this particular work and be responsible to them for selling them and taking them round to the subscribers, so that they can always have them each month, even when they are unable to attend the meetings. This will secure a regular sale under each successive officer, and will also prevent decreases and secure increase all the time.

* * *

August number is now for sale, to be obtained through any officer. It's a splendid number, and contains a grand illustrated article from the "Land of the Maple Leaf" by Miss M. S. Neale, also one beautiful page of music and words, and some 26 illustrations, together with 48 pages of the most readable and interesting matter possible. No officer, soldier, friend or foe should miss it.

Eastern Division.

East Nova Scotia District

A Lot in Pickle.

COW BAY.—News, news, where? where? Why, from Cow Bay. We are not dead here, but alive unto God and good works, also having victory. What is the news. Well, Capt. M. McPherson has farewelled and Lieut. and Capt. Gordon have come, and received a good welcome (good for for Cow Bay.) We are the people over here. The Salvation Army makes the devil run. With the help of God we chased him out of one brother's heart last week. Hallelujah. The comrades here mean "Victory or death," so keep believing for great things from here. There are a lot of sinners in pickle. I pray they will be well cured when they come for salvation. LIEUT. T. HOLMAN.

So Much to be Done.

PICTOU.—This morning finds us blessedly saved. Praise God. Since our last report we have been doing our utmost to upset the devil's kingdom. Although we haven't seen any souls crying for mercy, we believe the seed has been sown, and we shall reap in due time. As we look on every hand we see so much to be done. The harvest indeed is ripe, but the laborers are few. We feel more determined than ever to lift our Jesus up to these people who are living lives of sin and wretchedness, and that the God of every nation shall be glorified. We mean to live for God and souls.

LIEUT. P. DAVIES.

TRURO.—The Lord lives with His people and always satisfies those that love Him with all their heart, regardless of circumstances. After doing the Lord's will in Truro, and God will and is rewarding those that are not afraid of friends or enemies, but march on daily to do the Master's bidding. Oh, that those who are halting between two opinions would decide and cast aside their pride and selfishness, together with public opinion, and prove Him who knows all those that are white washed, and tarry at Jesus' feet until they would be washed white and enjoy His spirit. Since coming here we have proved God, and He has been as good as His promises. We asked for souls at knee-drill, and although we did not see our faith answered till late at night, but while going into the prayer meeting two came out, and after those had found peace, it was glorious to see one of them dealing with an old associate for to yield to do the right, when this one, with another, rushed forward sobbing for God to have mercy, and then to hear them pray and thank God for deliverance, and that they were going to be faithful in their living to do right. May God Himself keep them. "Watch and pray." D. R. McRAE.

Straight and Plain.

WESTVILLE.—Just a few lines to give you a little idea how we are getting along here. God in the first place is keeping our souls watered with His spirit, and therefore we are growing nicely in our own souls. The Spirit also rests upon the meetings. People feel the power. May the Lord bless them. On Friday night our big brothers came along to help us in the shape of Major Deakin and Staff-Capt. Southall. Staff-Capt. Southall was somewhat stiff in body by being shook up by the train and coach, and perhaps not so straight in body as he is sometimes, but through it all we have good reason to believe God had kept him nice and straight in his soul, for he seemed after it all to be able to deal out salvation straight and plain to the sinners. Surely we had a beautiful breakfast at seven. Night, good meeting. The people know they ought to get right. They say they will pray to God to help them, and asked us to do the same. Some say if ever they do come out it will be in the Salvation Army. May the Lord help them to hurry up or hell will be their doom. CAPT. CREIGHTON.

Mother to the Front.

SUMMERSIDE, P.E.I.—Here we are again. Summerside this time, a nice little place and everything looking beautiful, and some blood-and-fire soldiers. They say they'll never give in, but live, and fight, and die in the old S.A. God has blessed us since we came here. Two souls professed to get saved. Saturday and Sunday we had Staff-Capt. Totten with us. We had great battles to fight. The enemy came in different ways, but the Lord came from on high and made our enemies fly, while some fell at the Saviour's feet and cried for mercy. One dear brother took the tobacco out of his pocket and gave it up, and promised to be true to God. Three others professed to get sanctified. We are believing for greater victories in this place.

CAPT. N. M. COOK.

Look at This.

PARRSBORO.—The Lord be praised for what He has done in this place. Although not very large, yet the devil had some very faithful followers. One man while giving his testimony said, "I served the devil for over forty years, my friends. I travelled as much as any man in my day, and many a time I made resolutions to give up the drink, but my resolutions were like putting my finger in the water and pulling it out and looking for the hole." But for three years God has kept this man. Good meetings. One backslider. Victory through the Blood.

McRAE AND COHAIN.

Another Welcome.

OXFORD.—Since our last report, the Musical Troupe, led by Major and Staff-Capt. Southall, have been with us, and everyone was delighted with their visit. The people have told us since that it was the very best meeting ever held in Oxford. The Lord was very near all the evening, and welcomed back a dear girl who was once one of His faithful followers. Since that another sister has found a pardon for her many sins. The WAR CRY seems to be selling better, and we believe God is going to get a great victory soon.

CAPT. E. ALLAN.

West Nova Scotia District.

The Two Macs.

WESTPORT.—"Anywhere for Jesus" is our motto. On arriving here we fell in love with the place and people, and feel God is going to give us the victory in bringing those who are living in sin to the Saviour. We are living for it. With love to the sin-burdened hearts.

CAPT. McDONALD AND LIEUT. MILLER.

God's Arm Bared.

LIVERPOOL, N.S.—

Steadily, forward march,
To Jesus we will bring
Sinners of every kind,
And He will take them in.

We have proved this to be even so. Since our last report God has made bare His arm in the salvation of four precious souls. Prayer and faith brings the victory. Look out, old devil, we are on your track.

CAPT. TOM HUGHES.

Some Right People.

LUNENBURG.—After saying "good-bye" to our Sussex comrades, off we go to Lunenburg to fight against the power of sin. On our arrival we were kindly welcomed by the soldiers. Owing to sea-sickness we were unable to attend the night meeting, but at knee-drill next morning God met with us. We had a blessed time all day with the Lord. Closed the day with one soul in the fountain. We feel that God has some of the right kind of people here. We mean to go in and win this place for our King. Amen.

CAPT. WHITE.

Coming Home.

WATERVILLE, N.S.—Glad to report victory. This past week we had the joy of seeing two backsliders coming home. God is working in spite of all the opposition we have to contend with. Hallelujah. We are marching on in the strength of our King. CAPT. F. McLEAN.

Their Names Given In.

KENTVILLE.—After four months' stay with the Kentville comrades, orders come to say "good-bye," and be ready to march to another part of the field. During our stay we had victory to an extent. Sixteen souls came to the cross for pardon, and the greater number are standing true. Four gave their names for soldiers. Some have gone away, and some as the sow to her wallowing in the mire. We are feeling we have dealt faithfully with the people about their souls.

CAPT. D. McDONALD.

Her Name is Snow.

DARTMOUTH.—I write you a few lines to let you know we are getting along well here. The past week has been of great blessing to our own souls, and the corps is steadily marching forward. Our crowds are not very large, owing to the devil and hot weather. I say, "What made the man skip out of the hall in such a hurry on a certain night?" No doubt the heat. A sister in her testimony Sunday morning said, "Before I got saved people used to say I had the whitest name in the town (her name is Snow), and I used to wish my heart was as white. Now I thank God it is as white as snow." Cadet is sick with mumps. He thanks God for a complete cure of dumps. Capt. is well saved and "glad he joined us," so altogether we can say "we are satisfied with Jesus here, and never mean to give in till sinners come to Him and seek and find pardon. Conviction deepening. God moving; all hands believing.

CAPT. ALEX. McLEAN.

New Brunswick District.

It Will be Lovelier.

WOODSTOCK.—Well, Mr. "War Cry." I am glad to tell you I like Woodstock already, and have found the people very kind. It is one of the prettiest spots I ever was in. I could not get tired looking at the beautiful mills with the trees and fields. If Heaven is lovelier, how grand it will be, and it won't be stained with sin either. Oh, there is lots of sin in Woodstock. I believe God is going to use us to make the town better. —more in keeping with its Heavenly surroundings. The devil tries to make us see things discouragingly, but we look to God, who knows no impossibility.

SUSIE MATTHEWS.

All Labelled.

CHATHAM.—Thank God this morning finds us right side up, labelled with care, with other precious souls who last week were labelled for hell, but now are checked for the blessed city. We are still believing for greater victories. LIEUT. FIELD.

His Sinful Past.

ST. ANDREWS.—The fight here is not easy, for in many ways it is hard, but victory is coming. Since our last report we have had four out to seek salvation, one a man who was going in for what the world calls pleasure, on his way that night to play cards for money, as he told us after. He had a thousand dollars in his pocket, but it turned out a happy night to him. God met with him and showed him his sinful past, and that there was a better way for him to live. God saved him, and while visiting him the next day, he told us that his old companions were no company for him. He was seeking something higher. There are many others in this place who are on their road to hell. Oh, may they, like him, seek for something higher. Yours seeking the Lord,

NELLIE WORR.

Loud and Clear War Notes.

HARTLAND.

Hallelujah! hallelujah! we shout and we sing,
As we march on to war in the strength of our King,
Rebelling 'gainst sin and the powers of hell,
Thrashing the devil and making him yell;
Loud and clear our war notes we sound,
As we tell those in sin what a Saviour we've found;
"Never say die" is our war cry and song, so
Defying all hell we go marching along.

JENNIE V. JANEY.

A Power for God.

SUSSEX.—All glory to our conquering King, who is still giving us victory in our own souls. Though fighting in the open air is hard at times, still through it all God is keeping His soldiers true. The officers have farewelled after some months' fighting against the powers of darkness in this place, to take their stand for God in another part of His vineyard, with the prayers of Sussex soldiers that they may be a power for good in His hands, as we believe they are led by Him.

COMRADE W. H.

Went Away Weeping.

SALISBURY.—Our motto is, "When the fight's hard we'll never give in." The devil has been trying us in various forms here, but praise the Lord we do not feel the least bit discouraged, but on the contrary we feel more than ever like going on shouting—

Victory! victory! is the song we sing,
Glory! glory! to our conquering King;
Sinners must surrender and live for Christ our Lord,
Who has bought them with His precious blood.

We felt God's power in our holiness meeting yesterday morning, and one dear sister went away weeping because she was not where God wanted her to be. We are praying that God will enable her soon to come and pay the full price that she may get set free. Our comrades are getting the victory over tobacco. Glory to God forever. This appears to be the way. The devil seems to have a great hold on so many professing Christians of this place. But hallelujah! God is showing by His wonderful Spirit each day what a sin it is, and if continued in, will surely ruin both soul and body. One brother told me since he has given up the use of tobacco. He has had better health temporally than ever before. Reader, if you don't believe it try it for yourself. We are gathering the lost ones in one by one. To God we give all the glory. CAPT. NETTIE ARMSTRONG.

Newfoundland Division

Mighty Faith.

FORTUNE.—War! war! war! Victory! victory! victory! Three souls seeking the blessing this week and one for pardon, and just like Jesus, He took them in. Hallelujah! Sinners weeping, saints rejoicing. Better times expected. Lord hasten it. Amen. CAPT. J. BOWERING.

God Opens Hearts.

BIRD ISLAND COVE.—After four days' council and a few weeks' resting, we came here to take charge. We found a lot of kind friends and some blood-and-fire soldiers who are willing to do anything for Jesus. Having no building, we were determined that the devil shouldn't get one inch of his own way, but like every true follower of the Lamb who never mean to give in when the fight is hard, we held our meetings in the open air. Large crowds, good meetings and plenty of room. But it is not for long. Our God, who is able to do all things, opened the hearts of some brothers to lend us a store. We are living alone for God and precious souls, and we feel quite sure that we will have victory through the blood of Christ our Saviour. Hallelujah.

LIEUT. JENNIE WHEALAN.

Eleven Backsliders.

BURIN.—Blessed be God, this week we can again report victory. Here in Burin we are going right ahead in the strength of our God, storming the forts of darkness as we go. This week eleven backsliders and two prisoners have returned home again. Glory to God. We had 49 present at knee-drill. We will double that when the bankers get home. Amen. CAPT. A. BALDWIN.

Troubled Ones.

GREENSPOND.—Our crowds are very small. The people seem to be more concerned about the business of this world than about their eternal welfare, but we will not cease telling them of Jesus, the mighty to save. Bless His name, He is just as willing to save and keep in summer as in winter. He never changes

In winter, in summer, in sunshine or rain,
My Saviour's affections are always the same.

God's Spirit is troubling some of the unsaved. We believe they will soon yield to some of His strivings. May He grant it. Amen. CAPT. ANNA E. FRY.
CADET E. J. SPENCER.

His Burden Has Gone.

CARBONEAR.—We must let you know how we are getting along. The fight has been real hard. The last few weeks the devil has tried his utmost to upset us, but we have got the victory. On Sunday afternoon one brother all the way from Liverpool, N.S., volunteered out, and it was not long before the burden rolled away, and he gave a clear testimony of his sins being all forgiven. We are determined that Christ shall have the victory here.

CAPT. LOUIE CHURCHILL.

Right About Face.

GRAND BANK.—A few words to let you know that we are having a real soul-saving God-glorifying, devil-defeating time. On Sunday night seven sisters blessedly saved. One testifying, said: When I used to come here it was to make fun, but I don't care who makes fun of me now, as I am saved. A number of our soldiers, in from the Banks at the time, sang (as it's no trouble for Grand Bank people to do) and shouted till they were hoarse. We give our Great Captain all the thanks and march on for to conquer or die. Hallelujah. CAPT. PENNY.

Willing Workers.

HARBOR GRACE.—Hallelujah! We have got into Harbor Grace at last. For a long time we have been planning and scheming to get into this beautiful little place, so as to be able to try in God's strength to rescue some of these poor sinners who are going down to hell. God has opened the way and here we are telling about the wonderful Saviour we have found. About seven weeks ago myself, along with Lieut. E. J. Gooby, received orders to come and open fire, but on arriving we found there was some little work to do before the building which we were going to have was anything like ready. However, after a few days' real hard work and a few nights' resting on the soft side of a hard board in the midst of all the dirt, God helped us to fix the place up a little, and we declared war against sin, and on the eighth of June we fired our first shot into the enemy's ranks. For the following week the devil seemed to have the victory, but praise God after working hard for a week God gave us one precious soul as the first fruits, who has since let the people know that God not only saves but keeps. Since then some 28 others have been to the same cleansing stream and professed to find the Pearl of great price. We are in for victory in Harbor Grace. Knowing that our God knows no defeat, we trust in Him and go on.

CAPT. WM. GARNETT.

Western Division.

Built on the Rock.

VANCOUVER.—We are getting into a better atmosphere, and hope that soon we shall be able to breathe freely. The Lord has been doing great things for us, and we are neither dead nor asleep, but God has tested the 289th Corps, and have found a few built on the Rock, and we believe in a Rock foundation, and although we have at present lots of devils and difficulties, through unfaithfulness, to face, yet the Lord Himself goes in front of us, and we are sure of victory. Its a long lane that has no turning, and we believe the tide has turned in our favor. Although yet we have nothing to crow about, yet by faith we can see the cloud rising, if its only the size of a man's hand. The soldiers are still coming up to marches and meetings, and we expect the shower. Amen, Lord, let it come. We rejoiced on Wednesday night with one dear lad who volunteered out on the Lord's side, and has been marching and testifying since to what the Lord done for him. Hallelujah. We are marching on to war.

CAPT. FRANK HAM.

Victory for God.

BRANDON.—Thank God we have had victory. The officers left on Friday for council, but, praise God, He was with us in mighty power, and the soldiers went right in with all their hearts. We had good crowds, and we had success in every way. On Sunday night, thank God, we had two souls, who got blessedly saved, and God gets all the glory. The Holy Ghost brought the people to see themselves in the light of eternity. Many more were on the point of yielding. Oh, may God help them to decide before it is too late. The officers and soldiers are filled with the Holy Ghost. We will bring the people to decide for God. I am filled with fulness of God.

SERGT. E. J. HENRY.

The Devil Disgusted.

CALGARY.—Of course nearly everybody had to come and see the new officers, and find out what kind of stuff they were made of. Hallelujah. Cranks of the first water to some no doubt, and to others "we are the people." The devil, no doubt, is disgusted with us too. Calgary is called a hard shop, but the Holy Ghost has softened down somebody's hearts, for four souls and a backslider have found peace through the precious blood of Jesus. Some people sing "Hold the Fort." We believe in storming it. We will never give in. There is no occasion to give in to the devil, for through God we have the victory. Glory be to Him.

LIEUT. GURNEY.

Nearly All Catholics.

NEW WESTMINSTER.

We are sweeping on, yes, right along,
We are homeward bound for heaven,
We face the foe, no surrender we know,
We get our fire to rouse his ire,
Straight down the wires from glory.

"Blessedly saved," sang out the Indian woman in our open-air one night, and the crowd listened to hear her tell in broken English how the Lord had saved her and kept her. She had come over from Seattle to help save some more of her people on this side, and being an auxiliary member of the Army, she took it in on her way, and we had a good time, and went with her to see if a salvation meeting could be held at the Samoln Camnarie, but was told the Indians there were nearly all Catholics, and the priest had said they must not listen to any one of other churches. She told them the priest was only a man, and his blood could not atone for their sins, and told those who she could get a chance to speak to of the Saviour's love, but the Lord opened a door and she went to another place where there were lots to be saved and glad to hear of the Saviour's love, and we were again left to fight as best we could, and the Lord has been helping us, and the enemy seems wide awake to the fact that we are trying to do damage to his strongholds, and sends forth his agents full of the fiery demon to set fools for him and make a noise to drown the words of truth, but the Spirit backed home the words in the hall. They listen and we expect to see many of them saved yet. We live, and work, and look for it. CAPT. ANNIE WILL.

Firing Sharp Shots.

MOOSE JAW.—Thanks be to our God for the wonderful way He has been keeping us in this far western town. Our God has been with us at the front of the battle, leading us on in the fight. As we advance with our troops God helps us to fire our shots into the enemy, and we do trust, although we have not seen them falling on the right and left, but believe that the shots will take effect to the salvation of many souls. God is blessing us in our own souls, and we are more determined to follow Him and fight till we gain the crown at last, and go to heaven with our King forever. God bless you, comrades, look up, it is better on before. Reader, how do you stand in the sight of God? CAPT. W. A. FOY.

A Blessed Season.

RAPID CITY.—It is not often that you hear from this place, so we will just drop you a few lines. We are glad to be able to report victory on the Lord's side. Yesterday we had a good time to our souls. We met for knee-drill at seven with one soldier, and had a blessed season with God. In the afternoon as no one came to the hall, we went in for a holiness meeting. The Holy Ghost revealed to one her need of being sanctified, and she came out and the work was done in her soul. At the night meeting the Holy Ghost convinced of sin, and one soul came back to God. Hallelujah. I believe that the Holy Ghost is going to move this place. We give God all the glory for what has been done and reach out for more. We are living in the power of the Spirit.

LIEUT. WILLIAM WHITE.

Sin, Drink, the Devil.

NANAIMO.—Since you last heard from the "Black Diamond City" on the far-famed coast, the officers and soldiers of the S.A. have been holding their own against sin, drink, and the devil, and have also made an advance into the enemy's kingdom and captured some of his followers. Different kinds of meetings during the past two weeks have drawn a full house every night, upon which God's spirit has been working, and faith in the living God will bring them to His feet. The open-airs held every night are doing damage to the people who will not come to the barracks. It is heart-rending to see the pleasure-loving crowd rushing on to certain destruction, laughing at the yawning abyss ahead, over which they will be dashed. "May God have mercy on them," is the constant prayer from those who love their souls. CAPT. LAURA AIKENHEAD.

OFFICERS' CORNER.

"Let go all transitory things, and seek those that be everlasting."

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It is well worth while for us to wash one another's feet. Let us all go in for doing more of it, whether we see immediate results or not. So far as we officers of the Salvation Army are concerned, it must be remembered that in a special sense we have no friends, but each other and the Lord. In the very nature of the work and the constitution of the Army we cannot try to share our griefs with our soldiers or those who love the Master outside our ranks. We must carry them ourselves if we do not make good use of those whom God has placed over us to help us.

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Perhaps some comrade may read these lines who has been toiling hard for days or weeks or months, and feels disheartened and discouraged because he or she cannot see the results that were hoped for, or the success that was desired. Let such a brother or sister find a little consolation in remembering that the *real victory* of day-to-day living and fighting for God consists in *doing the will of God in the right way* and the right spirit, as revealed to our souls hour by hour. When we go up to the Great White Throne to draw our pay, our reward will not necessarily be according to the visible results produced, but according to our works; according to our personal doings as children of God.

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Pride often miscalculates and more often misconceives. The proud man places himself at a distance from other men; seen through that distance, others perhaps appear little to him; but he forgets that this very distance causes him also to appear equally little to them."

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If you keep on being a *praying* officer, you are pretty sure to prove a staying one.

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Whatsoe'er your needs may be,
Go and tell them all to Jesus!
Faith and works shall vict'ry see—
Fight the battle out for Jesus.

***

Of all the silly things that can happen to officers, the most ridiculous is for them to be hindered by a care for their name and reputation.—*Commissioner Railton.*

***

I cut the following from the Sydney "*War Cry*:"—You are called a Salvationist, and say you are one, is it true? or is it only the name which in your case once described your state but which does not do so now? It is possible to be like this. Such people remind me of the boy who cried, "Hot mince pies!" in the street, one frosty morning. A pedestrian, hearing the appetising announcement, bought a pie, but on setting his teeth into it found it cold as a snowball. "I say, you boy, what do you mean by calling these hot mince pies?" "That's the *name* on '*em*," responded the urchin. There are many like this, very good in name, but when you come to try them how disappointing. Are you one?

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In calm of soul I always live in sight
Of His great judgment Throne so near and grand,
Because quite safe with Him I walk in white
And firmly doth He hold, with gentle hand,
By day and night.

***

When you write for the "War Cry," write something that will be interesting in New York or New Zealand, as in Toronto. Miracles wrought by God will always possess this character, if told in a plain, straightforward manner. First get the power of the Holy Ghost down upon yourself and your corps, so as to get these miracles performed, and then describe them in plain, simple language, always remembering to write on only one side of the paper.

***

When you have written it, look it over and say to yourself, "Now, if I were unconverted, and were to read this would it likely to do me any good?" If you feel that it would not, write another that would.

***

Write naturally. Don't imitate other people's style or manner of writing. The idea that because you have not had as much education as some of your comrades, you should not write for the "War Cry" on that account, comes from the devil himself. As a matter of fact, very often the most interesting and useful things come from uneducated people, because (when it is so) they do not imitate others but write, setting out the bare facts. It is not of much consequence what sort of spelling and hand writing there is in a piece, but it is important that it should be good stuff.

THE GREAT FAREWELL TOUR

— OF —

COMMISSIONER COOMBS,

Combined with the SEVENTH ANNIVERSARY of the Salvation Army

IN CANADA.

MONCTON,	Thursday,	August 29	CHATHAM,	Friday,	September 6
MONTREAL,	Sunday, Monday,	September 1, 2	LONDON,	Saturday, Sunday,	" 7, 8
KINGSTON,	Tuesday,	" 3	TORONTO,	Saturday to Thursday,	September 14 to 19

The COMMISSIONER will be accompanied by Captain Fisher, Headquarters Staff; the various Local Staff Officers will also take Part.

RAILWAY ARRANGEMENTS:

The Canadian Pacific, Grand Trunk, and other Railways, have arranged to issue Special Cheap Return Fares as below at a few cents above Single Fare. No Tickets will be Issued without a Certificate, which can be obtained from your Officer Free of Charge:

TO MONTREAL.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

From

Almonte	$4 55	Maxville	
Avonmore	2 35	Ottawa	$3 65
Bedford	2 65	Pembroke	6 65
Brockville	3 90	Perth	4 40
Carleton Place	4 40	Prescott	3 50
Chesterville	2 50	Quebec	3 65
Cobden	5 95	Renfrew	5 45
Cowansville	1 90	Sherbrooke	3 50
Kemptville	3 50	Stanstead Junction	
Knowlton	2 45	St. John's	[illegible]
Lachute	1 40	Toronto	[illegible]
Magog	4 15	Waterloo	2 45

West Winchester, $2 95

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

From

Brockville	$3 90	Ottawa	$3 65
Coaticoke	4 25	Prescott	3 30
Cornwall	2 95	Quebec	3 65
Danville	3 15	Richmond	2 70
Morrisburgh	2 90	Sherbrooke	3 50
Maxville		St. John's	1 15

Toronto $20 25

Tickets will be issued August 31st, September 1st and 2nd, good to return up to September 3rd.

TO KINGSTON.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

From Toronto $5 00

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

From

Belleville	$1 80	Napanee	$1 20
Desoronto Jun	$1 25	Stirling	$1 35
Gananoque "	0 80	Trenton	1 20

Toronto $5 00

TO CHATHAM.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

From

Bothwell	$0 85	Thamesville	$0 60
Glencoe	1 20	Toronto	5 45
Newbury	1 00	Windsor	1 65

MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILWAY.

From the following Stations to Fargo.

Dutton	$1 10	Woodslee	$1 05
Highgate	0 90	Amherstburgh	1 65
Ridgetown	0 35	Essex Centre	1 20

Tilbury Centre $0 55

ERIE & HURON RAILWAY.

From Blenheim $1 65 Dresden $1 90
Erie & Huron Junct. Wallaceburgh

Tickets will be issued September 5th and 6th, good to return up to September 7th.

TO LONDON.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

From Toronto $3 35

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

From Clinton	$1 65	Seaforth	$1 90
Exeter	1 10	Strasford	1 10
Forest	1 00	Strathroy	0 75
Goderich	2 05	Sarnia	2 00
Lucan	0 85	St. Mary's	0 60
Mitchell	1 50	Thedford	1 35
Parkhill	1 10	Toronto	3 35
Petrolia	1 70	Watford	1 15

Wyoming $1 55

Tickets will be issued September 6th and 7th, good to return up to September 9th.

THE FINAL FAREWELL MEETINGS

— OF —

COMMISSIONER AND MRS. COOMBS

WILL BE HELD IN TORONTO,

Saturday, Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, September 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, and 19th.

We expect to have the Greatest Army Meetings ever held in Toronto. The Whole Staff of the Dominion are Expected. About 500 Officers are Expected. Whole Corps are Talking of Coming! Brass Bands are Coming! Friends are Coming! Remember it's Exhibition Week, so Great Crowds will be Coming! They are Coming from Newfoundland, and nearly every Part of the Dominion. Are you Coming also? Exhibition Rates are Cheap!

PRELIMINARY PROGRAMME:

SATURDAY NIGHT—Welcome to the Visitors.

SUNDAY—Big Meetings in all the City Barracks.

MONDAY Morning — Monster Holiness Meeting; Afternoon, Musical Battle at Richmond Barracks, Tremendous Amalgamated March, followed by Mammoth Banquet; Evening, Anniversary Demonstration, All Night of Prayer.

TUESDAY Afternoon—Public War Council; Evening, Hallelujah Wedding.

WEDNESDAY Evening—Great Final Farewell Meeting.

THURSDAY Noon — Great Salvation Send-Off at Union Station.

SPECIAL NOTICE:

Will every Officer who is Coming to these Meeting, arrange for the Big Drum and Colors of their Corps to Come along also, and don't forget your Timbral.